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The World Through Mother's Glasses and Other Poems

By

Emma L. Miller

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Dedication

To the Great Body of Splendid Alumnae
of the
Baptist Missionary Training School
the World Over
This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated

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EMMA L. MILLER

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Preface

After the home-going of the author of this little collection of poems, some of her friends, who have known her best, expressed a desire that her poems, that had been written during the busy years of her missionary life, might be put into a permanent form. Thinking also that her many friends, who knew her less intimately, might desire to know her better through the medium of these written lines, this little book has found its excuse for being.

Writing poetry was not the author's vocation, but her inspiration, urged on to expression by some event in her own life, or that of her family, her church, her native land or her world, which was as broad as God's world.

The collection and arrangement of the material for this little volume has been a labor of love, and it is sent forth with the hope that the perusal of its pages may inspire others to be dominated by the high ideals and spirit of sacrificial service that was always manifested in the life of the Author.

The Story of My Life

Extracts from a sketch of the life of Miss Emma Miller, written by herself at the close of the first twenty-five years of her service under the Board of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society.

"Please write us your life and your labors,"
So came the request one day,
'Of your twenty-five years full of service
Tell the story and send right away."

I shrink from the task and I wonder
What interest people will take
In a story of life and of labors
I am honestly able to make.

I shrink from the task and I tremble,
Lest boasting should here find a place,
And should mar what would otherwise witness
To the Father's unmerited grace.

And how shall I tell the life story,
Giving credit to home, school and friends,
And all of God's agents in training,
For worthy and meaningful ends.

And how shall I tell of the labors,
So varied in place and in kind,
For this task now imposed by another,
Some way to perform I may find.

And now just a hope by its author,
That wherever this leaflet may rove,
To all may it bring inspiration,
To a worthier service of love.

The story of a life,—who can understand without knowing something of the influences that have come into it, of the ideals that have inspired it, of the choices that have led to achievement, of the failures that have humbled, and the successes that have led to greater effort.

What led this scribe into missionary work? There were many influences tending toward it, but the most positive and constant influence was that of my Christian home and my devoted missionary mother whose spirit was filled with the missionary idea.

And what has been my training for missionary work? Much that came in the early years all unconsciously. My country home was one of the best type where a variety of industries were taught and I learned to do and to love every kind of work that a woman needs for homemaking. Here, too, was laid the foundation of my love for Nature in all her varying beauty which country life in Wisconsin afforded, my knowledge of animal life of every de-

scription, and my fondness for the cultivation of plants and flowers. Love for music and good literature in the home, combined with the Christian spirit of that home, glorified and ennobled the everyday toil and made life and labor a joy and not a burden.

After completing the grade work of the public school and some advance work in two schools of higher grade near my home, Marshall, Wis., I spent several years in teaching, then entered Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis., where all my impulses toward a full and useful life were quickened, broadened and intensified. Thinking after graduation here that my student life in school was over I again entered into teaching, first in Wayland Academy and later at The Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Iowa. During these years the conviction was growing that I ought to give myself to some distinctive line of Christian service, and I entered the Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago, for further preparation. After graduating from this institution I was sent by the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society to open a new mission in Salt Lake City, Utah, but was not long permitted to remain there for the Society soon called me to return to Chicago as Associate Preceptress of the Training School, a position I held for three years. These years of close association with Miss Burdette and others in the work were of great value to me and helped to prepare for service that was awaiting elsewhere.

The growing work of the W. B. H. M. S. demanded that its interests should be represented and its work organized in the West and on the Pacific Coast, and I was appointed Superintendent of Missions in the West, where for seven continuous years I labored to inspire and organize the women in missionary endeavor.

Looking back from the present to those days of beginnings I can but thank God that He gave me the privilege of seven happy years in helping to lay foundations that have remained.

At the close of my seven years of service on the Pacific Coast the Board of the W. B. H. M. S. asked me to enter, temporarily, the position of Preceptress of the Missionary Training School at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C. This was the first Training School for Colored Women and was begun as an experiment in a new field, and what seemed to be a temporary service held me for fourteen years, ten at Raleigh and four at Dallas, Texas, in the same lines of work.

Although I had previously had considerable Bible study yet I felt the need of more, and as the summer vacation was long it gave me the opportunity that I had long coveted of studying at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago where I spent five consecutive summers and took correspondence work besides. This enabled me to complete the English Theological Seminary

course and graduate from the University. These were years of the closest application to study and teaching and were filled with joy and appreciation for such a privilege. Some other summers were spent in other special preparation, and one summer was spent in Palestine where I had the privilege of studying at first hand the land of Old and New Testament History. I had long hoped and planned for such a trip, and the knowledge thus gained has been a great help in teaching. I have tried in various ways to pass on to others the blessings that have thus come to me, and have proved the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

And what of the young women who have gone out from our school during the years. Sixty-four students have been graduated besides many who have taken a partial course in the school. They have come to us from eighteen different states, from Canada and from Africa. They have remained with us from two to four years before graduation and then have gone forth to effective work in the religious, moral and social uplift of their own people in this country, while four have gone as missionaries to Africa.

At the close of these years in the Training School the way opened to return to California where a year has been spent in work in a new mission among the Syrians and other foreign nationalities. When a call came to become Preceptress and Bible Teacher at Selma University, Selma, Alabama, I felt that it offered an opportunity to do the kind of work that I most loved and was best fitted for, and now my face is set toward this large institution of over 600 pupils where I am to have charge of the Bible work of the entire school with two associates in other lines of work. What the future holds I do not know, but trust it to the hands of Him who has led thus far.

EMMA L. MILLER.

(This story of Miss Miller's life necessarily had to be finished by another hand.—Editor.)

Miss Miller bore the commission of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society for thirty-seven years, the last ten of which were spent in work for the Russian people of Los Angeles, California.

She found the work greatly hindered for lack of a chapel, and with the consent of the Board she personally solicited sufficient funds to build a small chapel. This equipment greatly increased her efficiency and enabled her to add many new and helpful features to the work and everything looked hopeful when a sad day came. The telephone rang and a Russian child's voice said between her sobs: "O, Miss Miller, the Sunday School is burning up." She hastened down to find the chapel with all its contents burned to the ground. A group of children gathered around her, and together they wept over their loss.

Nothing daunted, a small building was rented and the work went on. The fire raised friends for the mission and ere many months a new and commodious chapel with a fine equipment for work was dedicated and a Russian Baptist pastor was secured. Miss Miller early saw that the hope of the Mission was in the children and young people, as the grown people were exceedingly tenacious of the old ways, so she was constantly adding new features to the work to interest and hold the children and young people. With the assistance of volunteer workers she carried on Industrial schools, boys and girls clubs, young women's clubs, cooking schools, millinery classes, classes for teaching English, special meetings for the boys and girls, a young people's society, women's meetings and many other forms of activity.

Into all these varied activities she always put the best there was in her. She surely could say with Paul "As much as in me is, I am ready." Later she opened another mission two miles distant, where there was another large group of Russians. Here nearly all these varied activities were duplicated, nearly doubling the work. This drew very largely on her strength and vitality and almost unconsciously to herself and to her friends disease laid its hand upon her. And while she desired to live and labor on, if it was the Lord's will she knew that her beloved work would be well cared for by others after she was gone, and she was satisfied.

Her illness was long and full of pain and suffering, but at the last she quietly and peacefully fell "asleep in Jesus." Her funeral, which was held in the Russian chapel, was attended by the people whom she had helped, the children she had taught and a host of friends from all parts of the city. In a quiet spot in one of Los Angeles' most beautiful cemeteries she was laid to rest surrounded by the everlasting hills.

Brief extracts from some of the many tributes to the character and work of Miss Emma Miller:

In the home-going of Miss Emma Miller, the Los Angeles Baptist City Mission Society has lost one of its most faithful workers.

Miss Miller's associates in missionary work were always impressed with her loyalty to Christ and the remarkable spirit of self-denial which she carried into all of her work. Nothing seemed too hard for her, and no opportunity of service too small for her finest effort. Her self-sacrificing spirit won the confidence of the people among whom she labored and bore constant testimony to the genuineness of her Christian life and character.

Rev. J. B. Fox,
Superintendent and Executive Secretary of the Los Angeles Baptist City Mission Society.

Her's has been a victorious life, the Society has been honored in having her as a missionary and co-worker. Her fruitful service was possible, because of her deep devotion to her Master, and because of her great love for needy people.

Katherine S. Westfall,
Executive Secretary, W. A. B. H. M. S.

We have lost a great woman in the going of Miss Emma Miller. She was great in her keenness of judgment, great in her compelling forcefulness, great in leadership, great in the choosing and holding of volunteer workers on her field; great in her loyalty to the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society whose commission she held for thirty-seven years of efficient service; great in her love of the people among whom she worked. Most of all she was great in her consecration to Jesus Christ, her Lord. I am glad to bear testimony to the inspiration she was to me personally.

Ina Shaw,
Missionary Supervisor, Western District, W. A. B. H. S.

Resolved, that we express our sincere gratitude to almighty God, for lending to us this choice life for so long a period, for the helpful enthusiasm, inspiration and devotion to duty which she has contributed to those who have been privileged to come under the influence of her life, for the splendid type of Christian womanhood which has been revealed through the pages of our associational organ and for her devoted service to the cause of our Alma Mater.

Baptist Missionary Training School Alumnae Association.

The sweet perfume of her memory will linger until we greet her in the land of fadeless day. She was a choice vessel of the Lord.

Lyde Jenkins.

(Class of 1904.)

Miss Emma Miller was a woman of rare strength of character, an organizer and an educator. A natural and untiring student herself she knew how to impart the knowledge and to inspire others with a like ambition for advancement. Although quiet in her personality she was forceful and strong in her convictions and made her influence felt wherever she went.

Rose L. Boynton,
Toll House, Calif.
Sycamore Mission.

(Class of 1899.)

A great woman who always lived with the lowly has gone from us.

All missionaries have lost a constant and faithful friend and the people among whom she spent her rare and beautiful life have lost a counsellor and guide hard to find.

Mary Carr Merrit,
210 S. Louise St.,
(Class of 1887.) Glendale, Calif.

I think of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians in connection with her life. She was like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to me many times in the years that are gone. Heaven is surely the richer as earth is the poorer for her home-going.

May C. Hamilton.
(Class of 1895.)

Miss Miller had sanctified common sense, so necessary in our work, and since she possessed so large a measure of the Spirit of her Master, she was modest and unassuming in manner.

I can still see that face aglow with interest in the Master's Kingdom. When next we meet it will be among the throng of the redeemed from all the earth; there we shall meet her with many whom she has shown the way to God.

Hannah L. Seils,
(Class of 1884.) North Freedom, Wis.

She was the engine which kept the machinery going in our Alumnae, Echoes, and other missionary activities.

Mildred Garstang,
(Class of 1911.) Associate Editor of Echoes.

She laid a good foundation and the influence of her work and teaching will be long felt in the community. I feel that I personally owe a great deal to her ripe judgment and experience, her sturdy independence and sound common sense, her loyal spirit and good fellowship. She will be much missed.

Ruth Price,
Russian Mission, Los Angeles, Calif.

Missionary Group

THE WORLD THROUGH MOTHER'S GLASSES

As I rummaged a bureau drawer one day
In search of some hidden treasure,
My Mother's glasses came to view,
And filled me with sad, sweet pleasure.
The tear drops gathered in my eyes,
Like dew upon the grasses,
I brushed them away, and the world was new,
As I looked through Mother's glasses.

She loved to look on the brighter side,
To hope in each true endeavor;
Her courage was high and her faith was strong,
And she yielded to gloom, no never.
Her words of cheer to the world were these,
"Catch the sunshine as it passes,"
And the world grows brighter day by day,
As I look through Mother's glasses.

She never grew old, for she gathered the youth,
Her own and the next-door neighbor's,
And they flocked with joy to her cheerful home,
At the close of her daily labors.
Her heart was young and her face was fair,
And she loved the lads and lasses,
And the world grows younger day by day,
As I look through Mother's glasses.

She was never sent by a Mission board
To a far-off land or city,
And yet for the erring, and sad, and lost,
She was filled with a tender pity;
And she gathered all to her heart of love,
From the high or the lower classes,
And the world grows kinder day by day,
As I look through Mother's glasses.

She climbed to the mountain tops of earth
To view the world and its people,
And caught the light of the coming day
Like the summit of yonder steeple;
Because of her view she labored best
In the darksome caves and passes,
And the world grows larger day by day,
As I look through Mother's glasses.

She had hope for all and a faith sublime,
And believed that a great salvation
Would come to all, were the gospel sent
To every land and nation.
She looked for the dawn of a brighter day
When the kingdom should come to the masses,
And the world grows better day by day,
As I look through Mother's glasses.

My friend, are you hopeless, and gloomy, and sad?
Are you lone and melancholy?
Does the world look blue, and dark, and cold?
Is it full of sin and folly?
Are you sinking deep in the slough of despair?
Come out from the dank morasses,
Come up to the higher ground of hope,
Throw away your old blue glasses.

Are you sure that the world is growing worse?
Is it sure to end in disaster?
You forget that, "I am the light of the world,"
Were the words of our Lord and Master.
Gather up all the signs of the coming day,
As the merchant his wealth amasses,
Look out on the world with the eye of faith,
Wipe the dust from off your glasses.

You never can hope to win the world
To a life of love and beauty,
While your own face wears a look of gloom
From a stern hard sense of duty.
Do you catch the flies that infest your home
With vinegar or molasses?
Then win the world with love and cheer,
Put on rose-colored glasses.

Do you know that this is a day of hope,
A day of high endeavor;
Have faith in God that the right will win,
And yield to dispair, no never.
Don't live in the dark and the bright sun hide,
Don't take subterranean gasses,
Do you wish to look on the brighter side?
I will loan you Mother's glasses.

Lodi, Wis, 1912.

ECHOES OF B. M. T. S.

Voices, gentle voices from the long ago,
Voices, loving voices Echo sweet and love,
Voices, vibrant voices waking memories dear,
Hark! I hear the Echoes from the far and near.
Voices, gladsome voices over land and sea,
Whence can be these Echoes coming now to me,
Coming too from heaven, past the storm and stress,
These must be the Echoes of B. M. T. S.

From the sunny South land, from the golden West,
Where our missionaries go at heaven's behest,
From our eastern border, from our northern plain,
From the lands of sorrow, woe, and want, and pain—
India and Burmah, China and Japan,
Africa, Alaska, nations, tribe, and clan—
From the lands of turmoil, where they toil to bless,
Echo they the praises of B. M. T. S.

Voices of fair maidens, for the wedding dressed,
Voices too of babies on their mothers' breast,
Cooing, crying, laughing, talking, more or less,
Can these be the echoes of B. M. T. S.?
Voices of our "Shut-ins," halting by the way,
While they can not labor, they can watch and pray,
Called aside to tarry in some sheltered place,
May they see the shining of the Master's face

O beloved Echoes from the friends I love,
Whether in the earth life, or in heaven above,
Whether taught, or teacher in our Training School,
Where we dwelt together, love our Golden Rule,
Be it mine to listen to your music sweet,
Till some day in glory we shall surely meet,
Be it mine to cherish and again express
The delightful Echoes of B. M. T. S.

Los Angeles, California, 1916.

GLEAM AND GLOOM OF INDIA

PART I.

Fair India

The gleaming light of India's Summer day
Was fading and a milder, softer hue
Was spreading o'er the vaulted arch above,
And mingling roseate tints with ether blue.
'Twas time when mangoes redden in the sun
And fragrant flowers o'er hill and vale abound,
Fair nature wears her freshest robes of green,
And beauty's form is seen on all around.

The day has stolen quietly away,
The sun has sunk to rest behind the hills;
The gentle dews are falling in the vale,
And sweetest perfume on the air distills.
As though 'twere weary with the hum of day,
A silence reigns o'er all the sleeping land,
Save where the cricket chirps its evening song,
Or rustling leaves by breezes soft are fanned.

Above the snow-capped peaks which heavenward look,
The full-orbed moon in majesty ascends,
And, to the scene within the vale below,
A solemn and impressive beauty lends.
Such scene might well inspire devoutest praise,
And in the soul responsive echoes wake
To Him who loves and gives so lavishly,
And bid each heart its alabaster break.

Through nature man may look to nature's God,
And there will find abundant source of praise,
Where nature's form most perfect he beholds
There should he louder hallelujahs raise.
But e'en in Eden, loveliest vale of earth,
Where naught but purity had ever been,
Did evil enter, like a thief at night,
And steal away the bliss which dwelt therein.

PART II.

Dark India

Although fair India smile, an outward smile,
The curse of sin is resting on her brow,
And all her sons and daughters, high or low,
Behold! to heathen deities they bow;
Nor own the mighty God who gave them birth,
Nor love the one who keeps with tender care,
Nor know that 'tis from His almighty hand
All goodness comes, all blessings rich and fair.

But some there be that tell us that of yore
"The Light of Asia" rose o'er India's plain,
When great Lord Buddah, savior of the world,
As styled by some, began his princely reign.
If this be so where shines that light today?
In utter darkness has it faded out,
And, like the meteor's flash across the sky
Has left its followers to gloom and doubt.

In hopeless ignorance they struggle on.
They grope in darkness deeper than the night
Which settles thick and gloomy o'er the world
And leaves no star of hope, no ray of light.
But you, for whom has risen the glorious sun,
And who have felt sweet pardon from above,
O list in pity to a tale of woe
From those who know not of a Savior's love.

PART III.

A Woman of India

Behold! as night comes on o'er India's plain,
From yonder hovel underneath the hill,
A woman comes with cautious step, but firm,
As though each were an effort of the will.
Her form is slightly bent, but not by age;
Dejection marks her attitude and mien;
While hopeless sorrow and despairing woe
On every feature of her face are seen.

Down to the Ganges' banks she wends her way,
Doth she come hither for an evening bath?
A darker purpose in her face is seen,
She takes a lonely, unfrequented path
Where none might watch with curious eye the deed,
Or save her infant from a watery grave.
Her features soften as she nears the stream
And hears the lapping of its gentle wave.

Upon her arm she bears a sleeping babe
O'er which her mother-heart is yearning sore,
Within the soul of the unconscious child
Her depth of mother-love she longs to pour;
And though she knows her darling heeds her not,
Such words of tender love she whispers soft,
As only mother's lips can sweetly frame,
And childhood listens to so oft.

Fast on the little face the teardrops fall,
  Then hastily she kisses them away,
Why do I weep at parting from thee, child,
  'Tis better far for thee to go than stay.
Earth has no joy for such as thou to feel,
  Earth has no hope for such as thou to know;
It has but sorrow, grief, and death at last
  On suffering, hopeless women to bestow.

We have no souls, they tell us o'er and o'er;
  Why not believe it and make end of life;
It brings to us no pleasure, no delight,
  But only toil, and care, and endless strife.
Our burdens are too heavy to be borne,
  We serve, but never in return are served;
No lovelight cheers our dark and gloomy way
  We love, but never in return are loved.

To live and be a woman—nothing more;
  O could you know, my darling, sinless one,
The depth of misery that word imparts
  To her who dwells 'neath India's burning sun,
You fain would thank me for the deed I do,
  And bless the hand which severs you from life,
For it were better far when innocent
  To leave this world of sin, and care, and strife.

Once more she strained her darling to her breast,
  And from her heart was wrung a sudden cry;
Then, fearing lest the sound arouse some foe,
  She wildly cast about her watchful eye.
She thrust her precious burden from her arms,
  As if by some resistless impulse stirred,
And then such bitter wail as rent the air,
  Was scarce from suffering woman heard.

Her long-despairing, overburdened heart
  Poured forth at last its agony and grief,
And though she wept till tears refused to flow,
  Surcease of pain came not, nor sweet release.
With weary step she took her homeward way,
  To loveless, joyless servitude returned,
Took up the burden of her life again,
  In vain for hope, for joy, for peace she yearned.

PART IV.

Light for India

And shall it ever, evermore be thus?
  And is it thus o'er India's plain today?
Is there no balm for woman's aching heart?
  No light to cheer her dark and gloomy way
Not so! not so! the answer comes from far;
  Across the sea 'tis borne by wind and wave,
Down from the very courts of heaven above,
  Has come a strong and mighty one to save.

And those who hear the glad and joyful news
Are hasting to Him with their sin and grief,
And, casting at His feet the heavy load,
Are heard to tell of joy and sweet relief.
But many are there yet who never heard
The precious tidings of redeeming grace,
Of peace and pardon through the Saviour's blood,
The blest redemption of the human race.

To us is given the precious privilege
Of sending to these lost the gospel light
To shed a heavenly radiance o'er their way,
And scatter far the gloomy shades of night.
To us 'tis given to tell the story sweet,
Though oft by mortal lips it has been told.
And yet for nineteen hundred years or more
Has never grown, and never will grow old.

But ever new, at morn, or dewy eve,
Alike o'er India's heated plain or Lapland snows,
Where Mississippi rolls her waves along,
Or northward where the mighty Yukon flows,
From north to sunny south, from east to west,
In whatsoe'er condition man is found,
That story sweet, which angels chanted first,
Brings gladness to the heart the world around.

PART V.

India Awakening

(Tune: Beulah Land)

There is a land far, far away,
A land as beautiful as day,
And yet a darkness, deep as night
Is shutting out the heavenly light.

O land of superstition's reign,
O land of hunger, want, and pain
Upon this land of deep distress,
Arise, O Sun of Righteousness.

Awake, O church, the gospel send,
Your prayers and alms together blend,
Go forth with message all divine,
And India shall rise and shine.

All India shall soon awake,
E'en now the light begins to break,
Arising from thy slumber long,
We hail thy morning with a song.

Chorus:

O India, fair India,
Where flowers in sweet profusion grow;
O India, dark India,
Where men are lost in sin and woe,
The light, the life, the truth we'll take,
To India, for Jesus' sake.

Lodi, Wis., 1912.

HASTE THE DAY

Haste the day, the day all glorious,
  Of the coming of the King.
When through all the heavenly arches
  Hallelujahs loud shall ring
For he comes, he comes attended,
  By the vast angelic throng,
Comes with joy and exultation,
  Sound of trumpet, shout and song.

Haste the day of his appearing,
  Thrones and empires shall decay.
And the earth shall melt in fervor,
  And the heavens shall roll away;
Every knee shall bow before him,
  Every tongue confess his power,
And acknowledge him victorious,
  In that great all-conquering hour.

When the nations and the kingdoms
  Of the earth have learned his will,
And have bowed to do him homage,
  And his holy law fulfill;
Then shall he appear in glory,
  Seated on his Father's throne,
Then in righteousness and mercy,
  He shall reign and he alone.

Is the world prepared to crown him?
  Have the nations learned his will?
Though the glorious day is dawning,
  Millions sit in darkness still,
While to us the great commission,
  Sounds more clearly than of old,
To the twelve who loved and labored,
  And with joy the story told.

We may speed the joyful tidings,
  We may haste the blessed day;
Can it be if we are idle,
  This his coming will delay?
Are there signs of his appearing,
  Signs of promise and of cheer?
Do we hear his footsteps echo,
  Can it be the day draws near?

Look at China's teeming millions,
  Circled by her sea and wall,
Filled with pride and boasted wisdom,
  Bound by superstition's thrall,
Yet within this ancient empire,
  Stout against the gospel's sway.
There are tokens of a yielding,
  Of a mighty giving way.

What can be the wondrous import,
  Of these tidings from Japan?
Men are longing for the Bible,
  For the word of God to man.
Eager they to hear the gospel,
  Glad to throw their gods away,
Bowing at the feet of Jesus,
  There their load of sins to lay.

Do we seek for signs of promise,
  As the heathen world we view?
We may find them overflowing,
  In this one word—Telugu.
Brightest star of foreign missions,
  Ray of light, and joy, and hope;
Yet a thousand more now glitter,
  Through faith's mighty telescope.

Is our own beloved country,
  Ready now to crown him King?
Are we watching for the dawning,
  Of that day when he will bring
To his own complete redemption,
  Freedom from the power of sin,
When within to realms of glory,
  His beloved shall enter in?

There are many who are watching,
  For this glad, this crowning day,
But the people, Oh, the people!
  Who in sin and darkness stray,
And the thousands! Yea, the millions!
  In our own dear native land,
Who have never yielded homage,
  To this righteous King's demand.

Are there signs of hope and promise,
  That this vast, this godless throng,
Ever yet shall bow to Jesus,
  Ever join redemption's song?
From the sea coast of New England,
  Where Atlantic billows roar,
To the far-off peaceful border,
  Of our broad Pacific shore.

From the valleys of Alaska,
  Where her mighty rivers flow,
To the mountains and the palm groves,
  Of deluded Mexico,
Come in tones of earnest pleading,
  Echoing by day and night,
Voices of these blinded people,
  Asking for the gospel light.

Never such a cry for workers,
In the vineyard of the Lord;
Never such demand for faithful
Teachers of God's holy word;
Never whiter fields of harvest,
Glistened in the morning sun;
Never such a day for missions,
Since our nation's life begun.

God is calling us to service,
'Tis our King who gives commands,
Shall we, dare we, when he calls us
Idly sit with folded hands?
"North America for Jesus,"
We'll proclaim from shore to shore
Till the gospel invitation,
Rings this great Republic o'er.

Lo! We find for our assurance,
Plain upon the sacred page,
That the nations and the kindoms,
Are Jehovah's heritage;
Though the day may yet seem distant,
When the world our Christ shall hail,
None can doubt the final issue,
For God's truth, it must prevail.

Haste the day, the day exultant,
Over earth, and sea, and sky,
With the message of salvation,
Quickly to the people fly,
Over all the world triumphant,
Christ the victory shall gain,
Hasten on the final conflict,
Usher in Messiah's reign.

Chicago, Ill., 1885.

HE LEADETH ME

He leadeth me to service sweet,
Where'er have passed His Weary feet,
And 'tis enough, enough for me,
That I, like Him, my Lord, should be.

He leadeth me to seek the lost,
And bring them home at any cost,
O'er moorland waste or mountain wild,
I go to seek His wandering child.

To homes where prayer is never heard,
Or praise to God there is no word,
His Holy Book is never read,
The starving soul is never fed.

To homes where, comfortless and lone
His little ones neglected moan,
Where'er He leads I fain would go,
With love to comfort human woe.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
To service sweet He leadeth me,
And since my Lord hath led the way,
I'll follow Him from day to day.

HERE AM I: SEND ME

Isaiah 6:8.

Hark, 'tis the voice, the Savior's voice, I hear,
In accents low 'tis falling on my ear.
"Whom shall I send and who will go for me?"
"Who'll bear the gospel message over land and sea?"

Whom shall I send to valleys dark and deep,
O'er sunny plain or rugged mountain steep,
Where dwell the lost with sorrow in each breast,
And bid the weary, sin-sick enter into rest.

Whom shall I send and who will go today,
To lands where sin and death their scepter sway,
Who'll hold aloft the blessed gospel light,
Dispel the gloomy darkness, chase away the night?

Whom shall I send to bear the joyful sound,
Pardon and peace to all the world around,
Sight to the blind, salvation to the lost,
Who'll go with love's own message, go at any cost?

REFRAIN

My Savior is calling,
His beckoning hand I see,
I'll go with love's own message, here am I, send me.

GO FORTH WITH PEACE

Go forth with message from above:
Go forth, go forth, with peace.
Go forth to tell a Savior's love,
That woes and strife may cease.
Go forth with joy within thy heart,
With morn's eternal bloom;
Go forth with grace upon thy lips,
To lead the wanderer home.

Go forth with message all divine,
Where reigns the gloom of night:
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine,
And all the sky be bright.
Go forth to strengthen feeble hands,
The lowly and the meek;
To bind with love's eternal bands,
The wounded and the weak.

Go forth to give to blinded eyes
The blessed light of day;
Go forth to bid the lame arise
And walk in wisdom's way.
Go forth with praises to the Lord,
A song of gladness raise:
The deaf shall hear His Holy Word,
The dumb shall sing His praise.

Go forth where hearts are full of strife,
And whisper, "Peace, be still,"
That all may live the better life,
And do the Father's will.
Go forth to minister to all:
Bid sin and sorrow cease.
Go forth, it is the Savior's call:
Go forth, go forth with peace.

FOLLOWING JESUS

Mark 8:34-35.

Once the Savior bade His disciples,
Who would go with Him along the way,
To deny themselves like their Master,
And to follow His footsteps day by day.

He that loveth life more than Jesus,
Spends the days of earthly life in vain;
He that looseth life in His service,
Shall be certain eternal life to gain.

If He left His Father in glory,
Came to minister to human needs,
Came to comfort all in their sorrow,
May my life too be filled with loving deeds.

CHORUS.

I will follow where He leads me,
Though the way may rough and thorny be;
It will lead to life and to beauty,
Both for time and for all eternity.

ANSWERED PRAYER

To Thee, to Thee, O Lord, my God,
I do lift up my longing eyes,
Through sorrow, sin and blinding tears,
O Sun of Righteousness, arise.

He comes in answer to my cry;
He comes in pity from above;
Peace, to my troubled heart, He speaks,
And fills my soul with wondrous love.

For all my pain, He gives me rest;
For all my weakness, His own might;
For all my sorrows, purest bliss,
And for my blindness, gives me sight.

He bids me go where others weep,
To others weary, lost in sin,
And tell them of His boundless love,
And bid them let the Saviour in.

With such a joy within my heart,
I'll spread the blessed tidings 'round.
With such a message on my lips,
I'll go to earth's remotest bound.

SERVANTS OF JESUS

Servants of Jesus, bearing His image,
Chosen by Christ for a mission divine;
In thine own life His glory reflected,
"Light of the World," His beauty must shine.

Servants of Jesus, bearing His Gospel,
Telling to all the glad message of love,
In the home land or far o'er the ocean,
Bid them come home to the Father above.

Servants of Jesus, bearing His comfort,
Balm for the lives that are wounded and sore;
Health to the sick, and rest to the weary,
Life everlasting, and joy evermore.

CHORUS.

Servants of Jesus, doing His bidding,
Cheerfully labor with heart and with hand,
Where He doth lead be willing to follow,
Ready to go at the Master's command.

NORTH AMERICA FOR JESUS

Dedicated to the Training School Class of 1884.
(Miss Miller's Own Class.)

Lo! The Mighty God of Missions
Now doth move with wondrous power
On the hearts of His beloved,
This, the consecrated hour,
This, the day of His salvation,
When His voice is clearly heard,
Speaking peace among the nations,
By His all subduing word.

While He bids us preach the gospel,
On the ocean's farther shore,
He is pleading for the heathen,
Who are dying at our door,
Perishing in sin and sorrow,
Wretched, poor, and lost and blind,
Groping on amid the darkness,
Fain the way of life to find.

They are calling for the gospel,
Underneath the southern skies;
From the western world beyond us,
Come the same repeated cries.
From the lands of superstition
They are flocking to our shores,
And the cry "Come and help us"
Rings this great Republic o'er.

God is calling thee to service,
Christian soldier, hear the call,
Go, proclaim the joyful tidings
Full salvation free to all.
"North America for Jesus"
Shall be sung from shore to shore,
Till the angel swift descending
Shall proclaim, "Time is no more."

THE LAND OF MEXICO

There's a land of song and story,
Where the cactus blooms in glory,
In the land of Mexico.
Yet a darkness deep and wide,
Spreads abroad on every side,
And they have no heavenly guide
In the land of Mexico.

There are maidens full of sorrow,
Shall they have no glad tomorrow?
In the land of Mexico.
Maidens in our Gospel land,
Join, O join the Mission Band,
Send a glad and helping hand
To the land of Mexico.

O the air is full of sighing,
In the darkness they are dying,
In the land of Mexico.
If the Gospel light we send,
Prayers and alms together blend,
Darkness deep shall have an end
In the land of Mexico.

REFRAIN:
Take the light, Gospel light;
Take the light, blessed light;
Take the life, the truth, the light,
To the land of Mexico.

RUSSIAN BAPTIST MISSION OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

March, 1918, to March, 1919

(Read at the Northern Baptist Convention, Denver, Colo., 1910)

In the City of the Angels, in the year that has gone by,
We have had in Russian Mission, valleys deep and mountains high,
Health and sickness, pain and pleasure, peace and conflict all along,
Joy and sorrow intermingled, tears and smiles with prayer and song.

In the going and the coming, has been loss and then some gain,
Friends have left, and friends have gathered, but the steadfast ones remain.
Teachers true and faithful helpers have united heart and hand,
One in spirit, one in effort, a believing praying band.

Special days have brought us pleasure, Christmas and the Easter time,
When the bells have rung with gladness, sounding forth their merry chime.
While our days are mostly joyous, there has also been a day
When the bells have tolled in mourning, for some loved one passed away.

Once the bells called forth to service in a new and needy field,
And we trust that this new mission may abundant harvest yield.
Of the many Russian children gathered in this humble place,
Few have ever heard the Gospel of the Saviour's love and grace.

Once the bells rang out in terror and our hearts were filled with fear,
As we watched the fiery billows sweep away our chapel dear,
All the things that we had gathered for our work in days gone by,
Now lie low in dust and ashes while the children sadly cry.

But a better day is dawning, when a chapel new and fair,
Shall arise in which to shelter children with our love and care.
Even now we hear the music of the hammer, saw and plane;
Soon shall stand a better chapel that we trust may long remain.

But the day that lives in memory as the brightest and the best,
Was that day of joy and blessing, better far than all the rest;
Day, when parents of our children we had taught and loved so long,
Followed Christ beneath the waters, rose with glad new life and song.

So we labor on with patience, and we trust and hope and pray,
That the day is near when many shall accept the better way;
When, within our Russian Mission shall arise a praying band,
Who shall go to take the Gospel to their own sad troubled land.

WELCOME TO THE B. M. T. S. ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Los Angeles, 1915

From your distant hearthstones to our golden West,
Southern California, land in beauty dressed,
You have come to join us in this month of May
And we bid you welcome, heart and hand today,
To this "Home of Angels, City Beautiful,"
Welcome our Alumnae of the Training School.

Memories dear and tender fill our hearts tonight,
Thoughts of days departed, days of sweet delight,
Days of strong endeavor, days of purpose grand,
Days of prayer and praises, days of God's right hand,
Days of joy and gladness, love our "Golden Rule,"
Fellowship supernal in our Training School.

Strong to meet the conflict by the Master sent,
Strong to work for Jesus, gladly forth we went,
Some for years of service, some for only days,
But for each we render to the Lord our praise.
Come we now together and our joy express,
New recruits and vet'rens of B. M. T. S.

To our absent comrades, scattered far and wide,
In their place of toiling, wheresoe'er they bide,
In our own dear country or across the sea,
Send we now a message, wireless, loving, free;
"May the heavenly Father guard, and guide, and bless
Our Alumnae Sisters, our B. M. T. S."

THE CALL OF THE CITY

O the calls for Christian service,
Hearts and homes without God's lamp,
Indian tepee, Negro cabin,
Miner's, logger's, rancher's camp.
While to all these calls for helping
We would gladly lend a hand,
List we now to calls for service
From the cities of our land.

O the beauty of the city;
Boulevards and parks galore,
Palaces and homes resplendent,
Churches, schools with open door.
O the business of the city;
Buildings reaching to the sky,
Factories and shops and storerooms,
Packed with all the world could buy.

O the bustle of the city;
All are hurrying to and fro,
Din and traffic and confusion,
Where do all these people go.
O the contrasts in the city;
Rich, and poor, and high, and low,
Good and evil meet each other,
Life and death together flow.

O the rush to every city
From the villege and the farm,
From the foreign lands they're coming,
Shall it be for good or harm?
O the poverty in cities;
Many cannot earn their bread,
Homes and wardrobes bare and empty,
How can all these poor be fed!

O the sickening heat of Summer
In these crowded quarters old,
O the cruel winds of Winter,
With the hunger and the cold.
O the children in the city,
In the tenements so drear,
In the cellars and the garrets
With no playground far or near.

O the crime in every city;
Lawlessness and vice and shame,
In the palace, in the hovel,
Sins too terrible to name.
O the sorrows in the city
From the curse and blight of drink,
Mothers weeping in their anguish
While their sons to ruin sink.

O the homes in every city
Where no praise to God is heard,
Where no voice of prayer is uttered,
And no message from God's Word.
O the voices from the city,
Calling from their deepest need,
Calling for our love and service,
Answer them in word and deed.

Who will go to save the city
From the perils that enthrall.
Who will reach the hand of helping
To the needy, one and all.
Who will gather in the children,
Tell them of the God above,
Tell them to be pure and holy,
Teach them of a Savior's love.

Who will lead the youths and maidens
From the paths of sin to cease,
Win their hearts to truth, and goodness,
Purity, and power, and peace.
Hear the calls from every city;
Give, and go, and pray, and send,
Till the blight, the woe, the wasting,
And the curse shall have an end.

VOICES OF THE WOMEN

In our homes of peace and comfort, Christian women of today,
Do we think of those who perish? Do ever work or pray
For the world's neglected women, wretched, poor, degraded, vile,
Lost amid the gloom and darkness, in the depth of sin's defile?

Do we say the flags of nations float no longer over slaves?
That the curse has been abolished, and the flag of freedom waves?
Aye, the curse has been abolished; on their hands no chains we see,
But upon their souls benighted, heavier bondage could not be.

From the realm of Afric darkness, lawless, Christless land today,
From the far-off plains of Asia, held in superstition's sway,
Come in low persuasive accents, echoing by day and night,
Voices of sin-blinded women, asking for the Gospel Light.

Not alone from pagan countries do we hear this mute appeal,
As before their heathen altars, they in hopeless frenzy kneel;
But from lands of Papal darkness, voicing forth the same sad need,
Women bow to Priest and Virgin. To their call shall we give heed?

From our own fair land they echo, North, and South, and East,
and West,
Helpless, hopeless, Christless women, join the pitiful request.
Can we listen to the pleading and our hearts no pity feel?
No, the rather may they warmly burn with missionary zeal.

We may give to these, the hopeless, life, and light, and joy, and
peace,
And in giving thus for Jesus, our own blessings will increase.
God is calling thee to service, Christian women, hear the call,
And at his beloved altar lay in glad response your all.

He has need of woman's service in His great redemptive plan,
For He blessed her willing efforts when His ministry began.
Like a heavenly benediction from the very throne above,
Lo! the Savior fondly places on her work His seal of love.

Family Group

YOU AND I

(To my Father and Mother.)

It was many years ago,
In the Springtime fresh and fair,
When the music of the birds
Filled with joy the morning air,
That we started on life's journey,
You and I.

Up the rugged hill of life,
Climbing to its summit high,
Pressing through the toil and strife,
Passing every hindrance by,
We have struggled, bravely struggled,
You and I.

Down the western slope of life,
Fondly clasping hand in hand,
Toward the setting of the sun
Where he paints the glory land,
We are passing, gently passing,
You and I.

Though adown life's sunny slope,
Now we journey on our way,
Yet our hearts are filled with hope,
And we cast our fears away.
We are trusting, sweetly trusting,
You and I.

To the realms of endless bliss,
Through the western golden gate,
To a fairer world than this,
Where the lost and loved ones wait,
We shall enter, gladly enter,
You and I.

FOR FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S GOLDEN WEDDING

The golden wedding day has come,
We join in kindly greeting,
And welcome all our kindred home
To this our happy meeting.

O sweet the hours of converse here
Their memory ne'er will perish,
O sweet to see the faces dear!
Of those we love and cherish.

These golden days will soon be o'er
And though we part asunder,
We hope to meet on yon bright shore
To praise and love and wonder.

TIME-KING

In the mighty temple wrought
By the magic hand of time,
Sits the aged king himself.
And he listens to the chime
Of the golden bells that ring,
Sad or gay.
And the ages come and go,
And the bell rings to and fro;
Still the king sits in the tower,
And the clock proclaims the hour
In a melancholy tone,
Day by day.

But this mighty monarch cares
Not how fast the time goes by:
Years to him are little worth,
What cares he how swift they fly,
Though they measure human lives—
Mark their goals.
Fifty times he's rung that bell,
Once each year its tale to tell,
Since upon that happy day,
In the lovely month of May,
In connubial bands were joined
These two souls.

When together they began
To ascend the hill of life,
This young groom of twenty-two
Claimed his own, his chosen wife.
Scarce to womanhood had grown
This young bride.
Full of strength and zeal of youth,
Starting in the ways of truth,
Full of faith and hope and love,
Seeking guidance from above,
Thus for better or worse,
They decide.

Fifty years of wedded life,
Fifty years of joy and bliss.
Intermixed with toil and strife,
In a busy world like this,
Now together they have passed
Without fear.
They have labored side by side,
With a courage true and tried;
They have journeyed hand in hand
Onward to the better land,
And the path has brighter grown
Year by year.

But the zeal and fire of youth
Have abated in their veins;
Of the strength which once they knew
But a remnant now remains;
Yet the love which first they felt
Stronger grows.

As the sunbeams in the west
Whisper to the heart of rest;
While we love its mellow beam
Better than its fiercer gleam;
So may eventide of life
Bring repose.

Ring again, O, Time-King, ring,
Ring those golden, wedding bells;
Let it be a glad refrain,
Like the music as it wells
From the heart in thankfulness
For the past.
Tell of blessings past and gone,
Tell of joys that linger on;
Future good to us foretell,
'Till the heart in raptures swell,
And we grasp the living joy—
At the last.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

My Mother's birthday, can it be
That she is growing old?
That silver hair now shrines her brow,
Where once 'twas decked with gold?
My Mother's birthday, can it be
That fourscore years have fled
Since first her life on earth began,
That eighty years have sped?

Those passing years, how full, how full
Of all that's bright and true,
She hid the ills of life with care,
And brought the good to view.
I often wish that I had known
Her in her childhood days,
And in her maidenhood had seen
Her sweet and winning ways.

They say that she was beautiful,
I'm sure it must be so,
Since first I saw her she has grown
More beautiful I know.
That beauty, like the shining light,
Grows brighter day by day;
It is the beauty of the heart
That shines upon her way.

It beams from out her kindly eyes,
And lights her gentle face,
And blesses all within her reach
With tenderness and grace.
It was the beauty of her life
That filled her home with cheer,
To husband and to children all
The place on earth most dear.

And out beyond the shrine of home,
That beauty shone afar,
To friends and neighbors, strangers, too,
A bright and guiding star.
The beauty of a life like hers
Forever shall endure,
And, in the realms of endless day,
Shall shine with luster pure.

This tribute small of humble praise,
A grateful service meet,
To her who blesses all my days,
I lay it at her feet,
And pray the Father who hath given
Such excellence of grace,
To grant her through the coming days,
The smiling of His face.

THE LOVE THAT NE'ER GROWS OLD

(For My Sister, Mrs. H. H. Twining, on Her Silver Wedding Day)

In the days of strong endeavor, in the days of heroes brave,
When our fathers, sons and brothers went their country's life to save;
When they left their homes and loved ones, kissed goodby their maidens fair,
Strapped upon their backs their knapsacks, gave themselves to do and dare;
In those days there lived a maiden, patriotic, blithe and gay,
And her song was like the robin's in the merry month of May.
To her heart had come no sorrow, to her life had come no care,
Round her heart she felt the twining of love's tendrils, fresh and fair.

But she saw among the soldiers one so manly, brave and true,
To her eyes there came a teardrop, like the sparkling of the dew.
O that he should brave the danger, O that he should bear the toil,
O that he should lie unsheltered 'neath the sky on southern soil.
"But he kissed her when he left her and he told her to be brave,
For I go," he whispered, "darling, all that's dear on earth to save."
So she watched the soldiers rally, and she heard the bugle play,
And she saw the smoke of battle rise, a thousand miles away.

O the days of weary waiting, O the days of hope and fear,
O the days of earnest praying, will the God of battles hear?
Four long years of toil and service, Winter's cloud and Summer's sun,
Four long years of camp and battle, and the victory is won.
Many went who came not homeward, and of those who came again
Many more were weak and feeble, filled with weariness and pain.
Thus our hero, and his maiden straightway nursed him back to life;
Then a sweet new name he gave her, maiden now no more, but wife.

Thus they started on life's journey, full of courage, hope and love,
With the heavenly Father's blessing resting on them from above.
The romantic and heroic in their hearts had been instilled,
Fitting them for joy or sorrow, should their future thus be filled.
"Westward ho", is now their watchword, and o'er prairie, waste and wide
May be seen the smoke uprising from their tent at eventide.
House of sod or house of marble, in a carriage or a cart,
Little does it truly matter if with love is filled the heart.

Shall I say that all was beauty, life was easy, smooth and fair,
Shall I say they had no trials, had no hardships, had no care?
No, I'll say and say it truly, they had many a trying day,
Many a grief and disappointment, many a thorn upon their way.
Silver threads now fleck the auburn, silver curls now shrine the brow,
Time, nor tide, nor days of trial e'er can change love's early vow.
Days of darkness, days of sunshine, whatsoever the future hold,
Sister, brother, O remember, love, yes love, can ne'er grow old.

TWO LITTLE BROWN JUGS

In Memory of Earl Twining.

Two little brown jugs, with a touch of gray,
They bring to me memories dear,
Are sitting beneath my stand today;
I dust them and leave them there.

They once belonged to my little Earl,
And I know they are his today;
They are waiting for him, my treasure, my pearl,
Who has long since gone away.

Sometimes they were horses on the road,
And he whipped them up the hill,
And bravely they drew up the heavy load,
But he never treated them ill.

Sometimes they were ponies, fleet and strong,
And swiftly they sped away,
And carried his playmates with him along
In his tiny carriage gay.

Sometimes they were oxen and plodded along
With slow and measured tread;
You could hear the crack of his leather thong;
"Gee, Jerry! Haw, Jack!" he said.

Sometimes they were reindeers for Santa Claus,
And their sleighbells rang out with glee;
"I know they will stop at my chimney, because
They have sweetmeats and toys for me."

Sometimes they were camels with great long legs,
And he made them kneel to pray,
And loaded them up with treasures rich
To bear o'er the desert away.

Sometimes they were donkeys with frisky heels,
Ears longer than ever you saw,
And the funniest sound on the welkin rings
As they cry, "He haw, he haw!"

Sometimes they were elephants, Jumbo and Ted,
And he packs for each one his trunk
With candies, and apples, and oranges red;
When you look, it is nothing but junk.

One day they were dogs, and he tied them with care
And he patted them on the head;
"Now watch and bark if you see a bear;
I've a pain and must hurry to bed."

That night there was rustle of angel wings,
As they carried my Earl away;
I gathered up all of his precious things—
They are there in my drawer today.

But the two brown jugs with memories dear,
And tender, and sweet, and fair,
I look at them yet with a rising tear;
I dust them, and leave them there.

(Sent by Telegram to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Twining for their Golden Wedding Day)

Los Angeles, California, Nov. 11, 1915.

On this your Golden Wedding Day,
Your sisters three, from far away,
Congratulations hearty send
By telegram their voices blend.
The morning of your life is past,
But love like yours will always last,
And bless and brighten all your way,
As on this Golden Wedding Day.

Signed,
Your Sisters Three.

THE CHAIN OF FIFTY GOLDEN LINKS

Written for the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Miller, 1905.

There is a chain of fifty links that bind the years together
Through which we've traveled side by side, in fair or stormy weather.
Each link a year of mingled days of sunshine and of sadness,
Of heat and cold, wet and dry, of sorrow and of gladness.

'Twas back in eighteen-fifty-five, link number one was molded,
When two strong manly arms, about a slender form were folded.
'Twas then we promised to be true, each plighting to the other
More sacred vows than ere were made by sister dear or brother.

For love, that makes the story new, that story sweet and olden,
No fitter symbol can be found than metal pure and golden,
And so we make a chain of gold, of fifty links united,
To represent the fifty years, since first our troth we plighted.

Our home has echoed to the notes of childhood's music often,
These glad or plaintive strains have helped life's harsher tones to soften,
Like stars that beautify the sky, and spread o'er all their luster,
These children came to bless our home, a bright and shining cluster.

Three daughters grew to womanhood, two sons were boys no longer,
Then one by one they flew away, like birds with wings grown stronger.
Four found their match, joined hearts and hands to live each for the other,
The little ones within their homes now call them, father, mother.

One loving daughter tarried yet, we hoped to leave us never;
The heavenly Father called her home to live with Him forever;
And though we miss her presence dear, and though today we sorrow,
A crown of glory now is hers, and we shall meet tomorrow.

Sometimes the way has weary grown, and rough the journey often,
But love sincere has never failed the pathway hard to soften.
Sometimes the cares have heavy pressed, but love has made them lighter,
Sometimes the path has gloomy been, but love has made it brighter.

God surely has our refuge been when dangers were around us.
When wandering in forbidden paths, His love hath ever found us.
When weary with the toils of life, He came our strength to double,
And He has been through all the years a present help in trouble.

Today we lift our hearts to Him who hath our path attended,
And praise His name for all the way with joy and sorrow blended.
For friendship in the days gone by, the days so dear and olden,
For friends who bring us joy today, upon our Wedding Golden.

We pledge anew our vows of love that years ago we plighted,
Of love that through the storms of life no frost of Earth has blighted,
Aud though our eyes are toward the West, with golden tints adorning,
Beyond it is the radiant dawn, of heaven's eternal morning.

THE RUBY WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. J. F. JACKSON

September 27, 1877—September 27, 1917.

There is sound of joy and gladness, there is music in the air,
For we've met with friends and loved ones, on this Ruby Wedding fair.
Met with words of hearty greeting, met with messages of cheer,
From the friends of days departed, from the loved ones, far and near.

We congratulate the bridegroom and we crown the sweet-faced bride,
Forty years they've walked together and have labored side by side.
Forty years of joy and sorrow, sunshine bright or leaden skies,
Forty years of willing service, filled with love and sacrifice.

Sacrifice, each for the other, then for children dear, the best,
All is laid upon the altar and the sacrifice is blessed.

Every sparkling gem of beauty has its rainbow color bright,
From the emerald, saphire, topaz, to the diamond, pure and white.
Crimson is the glowing ruby, symbol of the sacrifice,
Laid on every glowing altar underneath the arching skies.
So the life that blesses others must be poured, a crimson tide,
Bringing life and hope and healing, as was His, the Crucified.

* * * * * * * * * *

In her home in old Wisconsin, forty years ago today,
When the woods were full of crimson, gold and brown, in bright array,
When the touch of Indian Summer filled the air with purple haze,
Stood this maid, attired and ready, at the parting of the ways.

Ready to assume new duties and the marriage vow to take,
Ready to leave home and loved ones and another home to make,
Ready for a journey westward, with her newly wedded mate,
That at last would find its limit in this famous Golden State.

Here was field for all the service that a willing heart could give,
And she chose a life-long motto, this—"For God and Others Live".
After forty years of toiling in her home for loved ones dear,
They arise and call her blessed, and she reigns without a peer.

Now a second generation in the old home nest we see,
And to all who call her Grandma, not another such could be.
Home has never been neglected, though in weakness hard to bear,
To her Church she gave full measure of her toil, and love, and care.

While of wider fields and labor many witnesses can tell,
City, home and foreign missions, all can testify full well.
Call her "Missionary Mother", as she many times has been,
For she claimed the missionaries, ever, as her kith and kin.

Mothered every infant mission, sat on every Woman's Board,
For her city, state and country, life and love abundant poured.
If you measure life by service, sympathetic smiles and tears,
Sacrifice and toil for others, she has lived a hundred years.

And her life has lighted others with a bright and kindly beam,
Overflowed to those about her in a rich and ruby stream,
Pointed out the royal pathway which the saints have always trod,
From the lowly plains of service to the mountain heights of God.

On this festive happy evening of this Ruby Wedding Day,
Let us greet the bride and bridegroom, scatter flowers upon their way,
Wish them many days of gladness, many days of peace and grace,
And the favor and the smiling of the Heavenly Father's face.

Los Angeles, Calif.

UNDRESSING THE BABY

For Mila, Mrs. Jackson's First Baby.

Bring me the nightie all clean and white
'Tis time to undress the baby for night.
We will have to begin at the shoes, I guess,
And then we will go to the stockings and dress.
Roll her over and loosen the skirts and bands,
And handle the baby with careful hands,
For she is a wee little thing you know,
But in this big world there is room to grow.
Now stand her up on her two little feet,
And we'll skin a rabbit so quick and neat,
How she came to be bare she will never think,
But will chuckle, and laugh, and crow, and wink,
And into my lap she will softly sink,
As fair as a lily, as sweet as a pink.

Plump little shoulders and smooth little back,
I will rub it, and rub it, and give it a smack.
Soft little arms all dimpled and white,
With hands that are busy from morning till night.
Round little body and twin chubby knees,
As nearly alike as two little peas,
But cutest of all are these dear little feet,
Rosy, and cunning, and dainty, and neat,
With ten little pigs that to market went,
And carried my baby home far-spent.
Now on with her nightie, for her eyes
That borrowed their light from the soft blue skies
Are closing their shutters like little Bo-peep,
And soon she will be all fast asleep.

TO BERTRAM YOUDE

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's First Grandchild.

Four years ago today, my dear,
  Your little life began,
Four years of joyous, playful life,
  And work, my little man.

With mother dear to love and train
  And guide your little feet,
With daddy too, to do his part,
  Your home has been complete.

And grandma and a grandpa, too,
  Have blessed your childhood days,
While other friends have done their part
  To guard your words and ways.

With all these friends to help you on
  You, too, must do your part
To make your life the best you can,
  Be sweet and pure in heart.

HOME AT LAST

(A Tribute of Love to the Memory of My Uncle, Abraham Miller, Marshall, Wis., 1880.)

Home at last; yes, home, beloved,
Where thy spirit longed to be.
Thou art resting with thy Saviour
By the shining jasper sea.

Home at last; yes, home forever,
In thy Father's mansions fair,
Thou dost tread the golden pavement,
Thou dost breathe celestial air.

Home at last; no more to wander
In this gloomy vale of tears,
But to praise thy God forever,
Through the bright eternal years.

Home at last; thy toils are over,
Labor is but sweet repose,
In the land where none grow weary,
Where the peaceful river flows.

Home at last; with thy companion
Who had only gone before.
There has been a glad reunion
On that heavenly blissful shore.

Faithful teacher, tender father,
We thy children and thy friends,
Hope to dwell with thee forever,
In the life that never ends.

MY SISTER'S SILVER WEDDING

(For Rev. Lucius Smith and Mary S. Smith.)

"Write us a poem to order." So came the request one day.
I pondered in doubt and in silence, and what shall it be about, pray.
I have heard it said by poets, by poets real and true,
To write at the bid of another, is a difficult thing to do.

The water will gush unbidden, from the rippling, bubbling spring,
The lay of the linnet unbidden, will merrily, cheerily sing;
So the song of the poet immortal, must ever o'er flow from the heart,
If it yield the melodious sweetness, of poesy's beautiful art.

We roam through the forest elysian, where the fancy delights to dwell,
And yield to the gentle persuasion, of his mystic and magic spell,
And so should we write to order, by the compas line and square,
Then deal with our failing kindly, and give them a judgment fair.

Write us a poem to order, pithy and fresh and new.
We look for the specifications; but lo, they are short and few.
For never a word is uttered, of the style of the verse or feet;
And never a topic is mentioned, for the present occasion meet.

And so we are left to follow the bent of our own sweet will,
Oh muser! we pray you to grant us the touch of a poet's quill,
And breathe with the breath of music, and touch with a master's hand,
The chords that are ready to vibrate, like harpstrings by breezes fanned.

* * * * * * *

'Twas in the lovely month of May, in eighteen sixty-five,
'Twas on the holy Sabbath day, O, memory revive,
For since that day has passed away, years fully twenty-five,
What happened on that morn in spring, I was about to tell,
Had you been there to hear the ring of deep toned wedding bell,
No story would I need to sing, you would have known full well.

What said the parson of renown, what said the manly groom?
How looked the bride in wedding gown, like bird in fancy plume?
The sweetest blossom in the town, a peach tree in full bloom.
We wonder not this couple bland, should yield to cupid's dart.
'Twas not mere union of the hand, but also of the heart.
Thus drawn by love's own golden bands, naught on this earth can part.

As streams, divided in their source, unite upon the lea;
And then flow on with added force, commingling to the sea,
So these two lives unite their course, in sweetest harmony,
One aim, one purpose, one desire, to serve the God above.
To live the life he doth require, their constancy to prove.
Filled both their hearts with holy fire, with zeal and ardent love.

Go preach the gospel to the meek, go loose the captive's band,
The broken-hearted ones to seek, go lend a helping hand,
To weary, heavy laden, weak; this was their mission grand.
To Stoughton first their steps they bent, five years they labor there.
Verona calling them they went, ten years for her to care.
To Merton, then to Lodi sent, each time through forvent prayer.

Upon their pathway have been cast, with smiling of God's face,
Through all these years of service past, rich tokens of His grace,
Their memories evermore shall last, nor days nor years efface.
To duty stern they were not driven, but went with willing feet.
Their years of service have been given, in consecration sweet,
There is awaiting them in heaven, a compensation meet.

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM

You are sailing adown the river—sister,
  Adown the River of Life,
May its waters be never a torrent,
  Gushing and foaming in strife;
But may they be rather like Arno,
  The still-flowing, unruffled stream.
Like beautiful, peaceful Arno
  Flashing in Italy's gleam.

At first the river is narrow—sister,
As it ripples like childhood's song.
On its banks you can pluck the flowers,
As it bears you gaily along.
And then it grows wider and deeper,
And swifter you glide away;
But, Oh, as it widens and deepens,
May it more peaceful be.

But if, against your vessel—sister,
The billows should dash the spray,
And the storm rage fiercely around you.
Then retire to your cabin and pray.
And He who holdeth the waters
In the hollow of His hand,
Will steadily bear you onward,
And bring you safely to land.

He will bring you to that harbor—sister,
Where storm beats nevermore.
All will be peace and sunshine
There on that blissful shore.
And He will never suffer
You in the waves to fall.
Then trust to Him your vessel,
And trust to Him your all.

TO OUR FRIENDS FROM THE SUNFLOWER STATE

A Goodbye. September, 1921

Hurrah for California! The pride of the Golden West;
'Tis the land of the open doorway, 'tis the land that we love the best.
We welcome our friends from the East land, come they early or come they late;
But none can be more welcome than our friends from the Sunflower State.

They have come from old Wisconsin, where some of us had our birth;
They have come from the North and South land to this grandest state on earth.
We have all united in welcome, with picnic, and party, and fete,
And none have enjoyed them more fully, than our friends from the Sunflower State.

We have showed them our grand old ocean, they have sailed on its heaving breast;
They have traversed our lofty mountains, they have climbed to their sunny crest;
They have lauded our parks and gardens, and naught could their praise abate,
For our fellowship, fruit and flowers, these friends from the Sunflower State.

And now you're about to leave us, in spite of your outing fine;
There are other friends and loved ones at the other end of the line.
They are looking for you with longing, they are watching early and
late,
These other friends and loved ones at home in the Sunflower State.

As we bade you a hearty welcome, now we bid you a fond goodbye;
May the Father's blessing attend you, ever kept by His watchful
eye,
May your journey be filled with pleasure, from L. A. to the Golden
Gate,
Then on to the loved ones awaiting, safe home in the Sunflower
State.

Palestine Group

MEMORIES OF THE HOLY LAND

1907.

You ask me what I brought with me
From Holy Land away,
What treasure-trove I prize the most
That I possess today.
I answer, there are many things
I very highly prize,
They are not valued for their cost,
Or either for their size.

A little box of tiny shells
From dear blue Galilee,
Pressed flowers and grasses gathered there,
Are very dear to me.
Some trinkets made of olive wood,
Some ivory and pearls,
Some barcelets, corals, charms and pins,
I brought to please the girls.

A little bottle filled with sand
From Jordan's flowing stream,
Some rocks I gathered right in sight
Of Hermon's snowy gleam.
Some leaves from gnarled old olive trees,
I plucked and pressed with care,
Within Gethesemene they grew,
That sacred garden fair.

A tiny little earthen jar
From Cana now is mine,
A copy of the larger ones
That once were filled with wine.
A pure white stone from Bethlehem,
And carved into a star
To mind me of the one that led
The "Wise Men" from afar.

Some dainty little bits of lace
Made by the orphan girls
In mission school at Nazareth,
Are worth as much as pearls.
My postal cards I highly prize,
And hundreds now are mine,
They take me back to every spot
I saw in Palestine.

Mementoes of Jerusalem
I've somewhere packed away,
If I should speak of all of them
'Twould make too long delay.
The Mosque of Omar, Wailing Place,
The Upper Room, the wall,
The Church of Holy Sepulcher,
I've trinkets from them all.

And now I think I've said enough
About these trinkets small,
Once I had deemed them little worth,
But now I prize them all.
I do not value them because
Of skilful work of art,
But for the precious memories
They bring to mind and heart.

These memories are linked with Him
Whose home was in that land,
Who sanctified its every spot,
And touched with gracious hand.
He walked upon its sacred soil,
He lived to set men free,
He loved and drew all men toward God,
The Man of Galilee.

These memories shall go with me
As long as time shall last,
I then shall take them on you see,
When Jordan's waves are past.
And in the new Jerusalem,
Beyond this earth away
I still shall think and speak of them,
Forever and a day.

THE JEWISH WAILING PLACE

(Visited, May 10, 1907.)

Have you seen the Place of Wailing,
Seen the Jewish Place of Wailing,
Just outside the temple gateway on the wall?
If you have not, then you know not
All Jerusalem can show not,
Half the gloom that settles o'er you like a pall.

Have you heard the women wailing,
Heard the Jewish women wailing.
As they came to weep upon the sacred stones?
Have you seen them bow in anguish,
While their spirits faint and languish?
Have you heard their sad and melancholy tones?

Have you seen the men a-coming,
And their sacred books a-thumbing,
While they conn their saddest passage o'er and o'er?
Have you heard them in contrition
Pour their souls out in petition?
Shall their cry rejected be forevermore?

Have you seen the youth and maiden
With too early sorrow laden,
Coming with the older ones to weep and wail;
Coming with the aged mother,
With the kindly elder-brother,
While he fastens to the sacred wall the nail?

Have you seen the children coming,
Seen the little children coming,
Robbed of all the gladness of their childhood's dower?
While upon the wall a-leaning,
Do they understand the meaning
Of the plaintive tones they utter by the hour?

O the losses of the nation,
Temple, city, land and station,
With the scorn of all the earth upon them poured.
Must they always mourn in sorrow?
Shall there be no glad tomorrow,
When the favor of the Lord shall be restored?

O our hearts were filled with pity,
Nothing in the Holy City
Seemed so hopeless, so dejected, so forlorn,
As these Jewish people weeping,
And their loss in memory keeping.
Shall there be for them no resurrection morn?

When they shall accept the story
Of the Lord of Life and Glory,
And acknowledge Him of Jewish parents born!
When they turn to Him believing,
There shall be a glad receiving,
Then shall come their promised resurrection morn.

FLOWERS OF PALESTINE

May 22, 1907.

I wander today o'er the Nazareth hills,
Where the Christ-child had His home,
And where in His early manhood years,
In the evening He loved to roam.

I gather the same sweet Spring-time flowers,
He gathered so long ago,
On the very hills that His feet have trod,
For He loved them well I know.

I gather the lavendar Cyclamen,
That fragrant and beautiful thing,
That blooms on the mountains of Palestine,
And tells of the coming of Spring.

I pluck me the charming Madonna Flower,
For its pure white petals famed,
In its feathery foliage all entwined,
And for Mary, the Mother named.

On the poorest of soil of Palestine,
Grows the Lentil, with blossoms pink,
Its pottage was food for the humble poor,
And 'twas oft used by Mary, I think.

We are sure that the eyes of her little child,
In His quest passed nothing by,
So he must have gathered the scarlet bloom,
Of the fabulous Pheasant's Eye.

The delicate flowers of the sweet blue Flax,
I need not go far to seek,
They tell of the kindness of Him who brought
The gospel of love for the weak.

He spoke of the Annise, and Cummin, and Mint,
Of the Mustard, and grasses, and Rue,
I search 'till I find them, every one,
For He taught us their lesson true.

But better than all of the others I found,
And the one that is dearest to me,
Is the beautiful Lily, the blossom bright,
Of the scarlet Anemone.

It blooms in the valleys, it climbs on the hills,
And everywhere brightens the sod.
And speaks to us oft of the lesson He taught,
Of a confident faith in God.

So I gather them all and a garland I weave,
To lay at His blessed feet,
For He loved all the flowers of Palestine,
And taught me their lesson sweet.

CHILDREN OF NAZARETH

May 22, 1907.

I walked through the streets of Nazareth, old,
Where the Christ-child once passed along,
And the children seemed idle, and joyous, and rude,
And I listened in vain for a song.
They held out their hands with the cry, "Backsheash"
They were dirty, and rough, and wild,
And I said, "These children can never be
Akin to the dear Christ-child."

I climbed up the hill in the heat of the day,
To visit the Orphan School!
They sang a sweet song at their work and play,
And love, seemed to be their rule.
They brought me a cool and refreshing draught,
They were thoughtful, and modest, and mild,
And I said, "I am sure that these children are
Akin to the dear Christ-child."

I said to the teacher with gentle face,
"These children can be no kin
To the ones I saw in the street below,"
And she said, with a smile that would win,
"But these we have mothered, and loved, and trained,
They, too, were once rude and defiled."
Then I saw it was love in their lives that had made
Them akin to the dear Christ-child.

CHILDREN OF NAZARETH

(Sung by the Children in the Orphan School)

We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
'Mid the olive trees and vineyards
Where, as child He used to roam.

For the Lord, who loves the children,
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know Him,
Do His will and choose His ways.

Cares that they should keep in memory
All that sacred life spent here;
Try in heart to walk beside Him,
Safe and happy in His fear.

Jesus Savior, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart,
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For Thy service set apart.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL GALILEE

May 21, 1907.

I sail, I sail o'er thy waters blue,
O thou beautiful Galilee,
Where the Lord of my life sailed years ago,
The Master of land and sea.

I gaze, I gaze on the things He saw,
As over the deep I float,
On the sky, and the sea, and the hills about,
And the humble fisher's boat.

I sing, I sing as I sail along,
O'er thy waters so glad and free,
I sing to the dip of the boatman's oar,
The songs of the sighing sea.

I watch, I watch as the stars come out,
And the moon rises over the hills,
For the form of the one who walked thy waves,
And His presence my spirit thrills.

I list, I list as the winds arise,
To the sounds of a coming gale,
And my heart is filled with a sudden fear,
As the storm sweeps by with a wail.

I toss, I toss on thy billows wild,
O Lord dost thou care for me?
Arise, arise from thy slumber deep,
Speak peace to this turbulent sea.

I hear, I hear His commanding voice,
As He saith to the winds, "Be still,"
And He maketh the stormy waves a calm,
By the power of His infinite will.

* * * * *

I know, I know He is here today,
For He maketh my storm a calm,
To my troubled spirit He speaketh peace
And I sing Him a glad, sweet psalm.

I think, I think as the days go by,
And the thought is sweet to me,
Of the day that I spent on thy waters blue,
O thou beautiful Galilee.

GETHSEMENE

(Visited May 24, 1907)

I crossed the ocean wide to see
This sacred garden fair,
This holy place, Gethsemene,
Where Jesus knelt in prayer.
These gnarled old olives trees, if they
Could speak with bated breath,
Would tell us how He stopped to pray,
Ere He passed on to death.

The shades of eve had gathered round,
The moon was full above,
The leaves gave forth a somber sound,
Yet spoke a Father's love.
I read again the story old,
Beneath the fading light,
The story o'er and o'er retold,
The tale of that sad night.

Here, at the entrance, in the shade,
He bade His loved ones wait,
And here upon the sod they laid,
To watch about the gate.
A little farther on, with Him,
The three who loved Him most,
Passed through the shadows vague, and dim,
And took their sentry post.

Within the gloom, as oft before,
He went alone to pray,
To arm Him for the conflict sore
That hasted with the day.
The meaning of that bitter test
We ne'er shall understand,
The cup which to His lips He pressed
With strong, though trembling hand.

'Twas here the victory was won,
That makes Him conqueror still,
'Twas here He bowed, th' Eternal Son,
To do His Father's will.
'Twas here the strength that God can give,
To arm one for the right,
Filled all His soul for God to live,
On that eventful night.

He rose to meet the darkest day
The world has ever seen,
The powers of darkness in that fray,
Were strong, and fierce, and keen.
He came from His Gethsemene,
His last great struggle o'er,
To wear the crown of victory
Forever-ever-more.

He came with calm and steadfast face,
To meet the coming day,
To show us how the Father's grace
Is given to those who pray.
To show that triumph on our way
And victory is won,
By those who bow their hearts and say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMENE

Is this the place, Oh can it be,
The Garden fair, Gethsemene,
Where Jesus prayed so long ago,
Pressed down to death with human woe?

Here at the entrance, near the gate
There tarried His disciples eight,
While three passed on in deeper shade,
To watch with Jesus while He prayed.

And is this gnarled old olive tree
The very one where, kneeling, He
Poured out His heart to God in prayer
And bowed in sweet submission there?

Was ere such sorrow 'neath the sun?
And yet He said, "Thy will be done."
He drank the cup with faltering breath,
Yet calmly walked the way to death.

This is indeed a Sacred Place;
The Father showed His smiling face,
And strengthened Him to meet that night
The woes that came with morning light.

THE JERUSALEM WATER BOY

With a turban gay, and a jacket blue,
And a shuffling sandal for a shoe,
With his bottle of water cool, O joy,
Here comes the Jerusalem water boy.
With never a call from his lips or cry,
Just list and you'll know the reason why,
Rap a tap tap and tip a tap tee,
The water boy must be very near me.

'Tis the skin of a pig, his water sack,
And He carried it strapped upon his back,
While out from the neck to his little cup,
Comes the water clear and bubbling up.
You may have a drink for a copper small,
When you hear the sound of his rattling call.
Rap a tap tap and tip a tap tee,
The water boy must be very near me.

From the skin of a pig shall I drink, nay, nay,
And where did He get that water, pray?
No individual cup has he,
And I would not drink were the water free.
It is full of microbes I know full well,
I will take mine boiled at the best hotel.
With the rap a tap tap of his rattling cry,
The water boy may pass me by.

THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOY

Have a donkey, sah, dis morning?
Have a donkey, sah, today?
Hassan' donkey, he good donkey,
Only shilling for de pay.
Only shilling, sah, and backsheash,
Yankee Doodle is his name,
To the pyramids I take you,
He no stumble, he no lame.

Too much money for my donkey?
For a sixpence then I go,
For a sixpence and a backsheash,
Dat is very cheap, I know.
You no take him, my good donkey?
I will tell you what I do,
To the pyramids I take you,
Home again I bring you, too.

Dat boy's donkey, no good donkey,
  He go slow, he kick, Hee, Hee!
He fall down and break your leg, sah,
  Take a donkey, then, from me.
For a sixpence and no backsheash,
  I will take you all around,
Pyramids, and Sphinx, and temple,
  Bring you back all safe and sound.

So you take my Yankee Doodle,
  So you take him, sah, all right,
For a sixpence and no backsheash,
  All around and honor bright.
Now away, my Yankee Doodle,
  Do your best, don't kick or fall,
He may like us both and may be
  Give me backsheash after all.

Lodi, Wis.

Miscellaneous Group

EMANCIPATION DAY

Written for the Celebration of Emancipation Day, January 1, 1900

The day was gone, dark shades were gathering round,
And evening dews were falling to the ground.
Upon a couch there fell through shutters old
One lingering beam of sunlight, bright as gold,
It fell upon a swarthy, wrinkled face,
An aged pilgrim ending now her race.
It lighted up the dark and cheerless room,
The Master's cabin which she called her home.

Above her bent with anxious face a child,
The pilgrim raised her eyes and faintly smiled;
"Call in the children, bring them near," she said,
"I want to see them all about my bed."
They came in haste with tattered garments clad,
They came with tearful eyes and faces sad;
They came with reverent attitude and mien,
With tender love in every movement seen.

"Let no one weep for me about this bed;
Tonight I'm free, I'm free, thank God," she said.
"Long years we've prayed and waited, you and I,
Long years the Lord has heard His children cry.
We've prayed that God would set His people free;
We've prayed that He would give us liberty;
And yet it hath not come. He knoweth best,
I leave it to my Lord and sweetly rest.

I know that He has heard our mute appeal,
I know that He will to us some day reveal
Why He has tarried, why has waited long,
For He is sure to right all human wrong.
And you, my children, you will see the day
When this our bondage shall have passed away;
For come it surely must and come it will,
Since God his gracious promise doth fulfill.

Believe in Him, my children, do the right,
And trust that He will guide though dark the night;
Long years in Egypt did His people spend,
Their backs to cruel bondage did they bend.
But freedom came at last, a joyous day,
And so it will to you; then watch and pray.
I leave you in His hands, my children, dear,
The Lord is calling me, His voice I hear."

They laid her to rest beneath the sod,
Her spirit free and happy with its God;
Upon the mound above her body cast
They placed this plain inscription: FREE AT LAST.

* * * * * *

That day for which she humbly longed and prayed
Has surely come at last, though long delayed,
And to her children and her race is given
Sweet liberty, best gift of earth or heaven.

He whom the Son makes free is free indeed,
No greater freedom can we ever need.
The bondage of the hands is not the worst,
The bands that bind the soul cannot be burst
By human hands or Proclamation given
By Jesus only can these chains be riven.
He only gives us ease from bondage sore
Of Spirit, Mind and Body evermore.

* * * * * *

Freedom to worship God, freedom to grow
Into His image and likeness here below;
Freedom to know all the depths of His love,
Freedom to enter His kingdom above.
Freedom to read His word where e'er we be,
Freedom to carry it o'er land and sea,
Freedom to live it throughout all our days,
Freedom to worship Him, freedom to praise.

Freedom to think aright, freedom to do
Always the better part ne'er to refuse,
Freedom to think aright, freedom to do
All you believe to be honest and true.
Freedom to speak the truth, scorning a lie,
And in defence of it to live or die.
Freedom to be a man, freedom to rise,
Like any other man under the skies.

Freedom to know the thoughts other men think,
Sit at the fountain of knowledge and drink,
Freedom to study them only the best,
Choosing the noble one's, scorning the rest.
Freedom to choose the wise, sit at their feet,
Learning their lessons in fellowship sweet.
Freedom to know the thoughts of other times,
Wisdom of other men in other climes.

Freedom of body as well as of mind,
Freedom to be to it thoughtful and kind,
Freedom to keep from it all that is vile,
Freedom to banish all things that defile.
Freedom to train it to beauty and grace,
Carry upon it a bright smiling face.
Freedom to make it God's temple to be
Holy and clean, from impurity free.

Freedom to labor with hand and with brain,
No earnest effort is ever in vain.
Freedom to do your best, e'er to excell,
Ne'er to be satisfied with simply well.
Freedom to earn your cash, save it or spend,
Only to use it for the very best end;
Freedom to give it to any in need,
Doing with gladness a kind, loving deed.

Freedom to build a home where'er you choose,
Freedom to marry or right to refuse,
But if you make a home, make it the best
That the sun shines upon from East to West.
Freedom, to have in it comfort and peace;
Place where all striving and turmoil should cease,
Freedom to have in it love and good cheer,
Freedom to welcome your friends far and near.

* * * * * *

Now can you conjure up anything more,
That you would truly desire us to pour
Into your schedule of liberties dear,
Sum them all up in a sentence right here;
Freedom to do the right, freedom to love,
All on earth or in heaven above.
All that is noble and all that is true,
These are the liberties given to you.

Raleigh, N. C.

BELLS OF THE EASTER MORNING

Hark to the bells of the Easter morning,
Ringing their glad refrain,
Telling the joy of the old, old story,
"Jesus has risen," again.
Once and again have I heard thy message,
Echoed each Sabbath Day,
Purity bells of the Easter Lilies,
Ring it again I pray.

Heavy the hearts of His dear disciples,
Deep was the pain in each breast,
When in the hour of their sorrow and anguish,
Sadly they laid Him to rest.
Tell me no more of the cruel scourging,
Scepter, and crown of thorns,
Past are the garden, the cross, and the darkness,
Lost, on this morn of morns.

O the sweet joy of that Easter morning,
Hallowed with blessed peace,
Bringing to hearts that had loved and lost Him,
Message of sweet release.
"Mother of Sorrows," look up from thy teardrops
Into the face of thy Lord.
"Maid of Magdala," O turn from thy weeping,
List to the voice of His word.

Women of Galilee, bearing your spices,
Bowed with your burden of pain,
Look! for the tomb that ye seek is now empty,
Sealing and guard were in vain.
O the delight of those humble believers,
Gone are their bitter tears,
Rapture of joy in the place of weeping,
Flung to the winds their fears.

Men that were strong in the strength of manhood,
  Weeping like children now,
Rose to the triumph of them that conquer,
  Wearing the victor's brow.
Hopes in their lives that had well nigh perished,
  Though like the ivy they cling
Close to the heart that is wasting 'neath them,
  Burst like the budding of Spring.

Thou who didst rise on that Easter Morning,
  Peace o'er the world to bring,
Come to my heart with the joy of Easter,
  Be of my life the King.
Come, for I need thy life abundant,
  Come in thy fullness, I pray,
Come as thou didst to thy sad disciples,
  Enter, this Easter Day.

Come with the joy of thy resurrection,
  Send me with message sweet,
Then, to the hopeless and sad will I gladly
  Hasten with flying feet.
Then shall my life be filled with music,
  Then shall I joyfully bring,
Like the sweet bells of the Easter morning,
  Praises to Thee, my King.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM

Woman's coming to her kingdom,
  'Tis the year of jubilee,
May the banner of her freedom,
  Float o'er every land and sea.
While the cruel chains yet bind her,
  In the lands of the oppressed,
Woman's coming to her kingdom
  In the Empire of the West.

She is circumscribed by custom,
  Veiled, and bound, and fettered fast,
Like a prisoner in a fortress,
  In the lands of "Ladies' Last,"
But anew, the wide world over,
  Hope is throbbing in her breast,
And she's coming to her kingdom
  In the Empire of the West.

She has stood for education
  Over all this western world,
And the standard of her progress
  Everywhere has been unfurled.
College doors now gladly open,
  She has stood their keenest test,
Woman soon shall find her kingdom
  In the Empire of the West.

She has found a place of service,
In this great world's busy mart,
Learned to think and speak forth clearly,
Every message of her heart;
Mothered every cause of justice,
Asking not for ease or rest,
May she prize her coming kingdom,
In the Empire of the West.

She has asked for equal freedom,
In the statutes of our land,
And has faced the scorn of thousands,
By this righteous, brave demand.
Did not weaken in her efforts,
Did not falter in her quest,
Woman now has found her kingdom
In the Empire of the West.

While we hail her larger freedom,
And believe it great and good,
May she evermore remember
Home should crown her womanhood.
Home is still her queenly province,
Lo! 'tis heaven's high behest,
May she ne'er despise her kingdom
In the Empire of the West.

If for self she hoards her treasures,
Gathered at such pain and cost,
If she boast in pride of conquest,
All advantage may be lost.
If she pass not on to others
What is highest, richest, best,
Woman, too, may lose her kingdom
In the Empire of the West.

TODDY ROCKS

The morn was fair, and o'er the sea
The long and golden beams
Of sunlight fell in splendor o'er
The waves in copious streams.
They lighted up the grey old rocks
Upon New England's shore,
And gleamed and flashed like diadems,
The rippling waters o'er.

The morn was calm and beautiful,
The sky was cloudless blue;
And many prophesied the day
Would prove as lovely, too.
The people thronged upon the deck
Of gallant "Lady Grey,"
And many stood upon the shore
To watch her sail away.

For near and far the word had gone,
"At sunrise, without fail,
Let all the people hear the news,
The 'Lady Grey' will sail."
And as the first beam touched her mast
And lighted up her side,
The people saw her slowly move,
And through the waters glide.

Ah! could some prophet have foretold
That ere the set of sun
This gallant ship would shattered lie
Before its race was run,
He would have cried with earnest voice,
That morn so calm and fair,
"O 'Lady Grey,' so proud and gay,
We bid you to beware.

"Beware of treacherous 'Toddy Rocks,'
Beware the breaker's roar,
For, ere the sun sinks to his rest,
You'll fall to rise no more."
But no one dreamed of fate like this,
Or thought of rising fear,
And all on board were light and gay,
Nor recked of danger near.

The pleasure-seekers laughed and sang,
And drank the rosy wine,
And gave, with many a hearty cheer,
Thanksgiving to the vine.
A gayer party never sailed
Across the rolling main,
They drank till reckless was the mind
And dizzy was the brain.

But while the revel reigns within,
A storm-cloud rises high,
And spreads its darkened visage
O'er the clear and sunny sky.
And still the revel louder grows,
While now the storm comes down,
And angry waters fret and foam,
And angry surges frown.

The gleaming, vivid lightning leaped
Athwart the murky sky,
And peal on peal the thunder rolled
O'er billows rising high.
The reckless revelers within
Stood trembling now with fears,
As lately flowed the rosy wine,
Now flowed as fast their tears.

But tears with them could not avail,
Nor cries, nor groans could save
These terror-stricken people from
A deep, and watery grave.

For, by the lightning's gleaming flash,
Between the thunder shocks,
Before them now they all behold
The dreaded "Toddy Rocks."

One sudden leap, one fatal stroke,
One moan, then all was o'er,
And shattered to a shapeless wreck,
The ship lay on the shore.
O cruel rocks; upon your strand
Much has been swept away,
As full of hope, as full of cheer,
As gallant "Lady Grey."

Full many a gay and beauteous barque
Has started o'er life's sea
As full of promise and of hope
As one could ever be.
But ere it made the wished-for port,
Or reached the distant land,
'Twas wrecked on treacherous "Toddy Rocks,"
On alcohol's quicksand.

And still the waves roll o'er those rocks,
And still no lighthouse marks
The place where they have dashed ashore
So many fated barques.
And shall it evermore be thus?
Shall temperance people gaze
Upon the ruin daily wrought
And they no warning raise?

We'll place a lighthouse on those rocks,
And build it strong and high,
And light it with the electric fire
Of heaven's own battery;
And it shall shine to bless the world,
And vessels, sailing nigh,
Will shun the dangers of the way,
And pass in safety by.

Lodi, Wis., 1912.

A WINTER IN WISCONSIN

(1912.)

For fourteen Winters in the South, and eight on coast Pacific,
I've traveled up and down the land mid sights and scenes prolific.
But I have suffered so with heat wherever I should wend me,
I wondered if a cooler place they'd ever find to send me.
I heard Wisconsin was the place, if you could keep from cough'in,
That any one from anywhere could go to get cooled off in.
I'd spent some time there when a child and so could well remember
The lovely Indian Summer time that came about September.

And so I came to get cooled off and stay there with my sister,
If I the future then had known I'd said goodby and kissed her.
No Indian Summer came that year, it rained and kept a rainin',
And then it rained and rained some more and still the cold kept gainin'.
And when it came to Christmas time, set in real Winter weather,
When all the winters of the world seemed tumbled in together.
'Twould freeze and freeze and freeze some more and then keep on a freezin',
You'd sneeze and sneeze and sneeze again and then keep on a sneezin'.

And then it snowed and snowed and snowed and still kept on a snowin',
On top of which it blowed and blowed and then kept on a blowin'.
The snowdrifts heaped up high and higher, most to my chamber winder,
I wellnigh crossed to neighbor's roof with no blank space to hinder.
The children oft in Summer time (I saw them and I know it),
Would tramp the grass down on the lawn and make it hard to mow it.
Now here's my chance to give a hint, a little cool reminder
That it would better be if they should be a little kinder.
I put a sign on highest drift ('twas better than to've cussed 'em)
And when they read "Keep off the grass" I though they'd laugh to bust 'em.
The nights they cold and colder grew and then a litte colder,
To zero, then to far below as th' baby year grew older.
I piled the bedclothes high and higher, and then I tied my head up,
I took a red hot iron to bed and almost burnt the bed up.
I thought I'd keep it there all night, was glad I didn't do it,
If I had kept it there till morn my feet'd froze fast to it.

The wind it knocked and pounded hard as if to gain admission,
Inside was plenty now to which I fain woud give dismission.
And when the nights were still the house would creak and groan and mutter,
No queerer, stranger sounds I ween could ghosts or goblins utter.
The roof would creak and creak and creak and then keep on a-creakin',
'Twas well it couldn't leak and leak and then keep on a-leakin',
I thought 'twould be a splendid time to use our leaky dishes,
And hurried to the box of junk to carry out my wishes.
I filled with water from the well our leaky old teakettle,
And set it on a redhot fire to try and test its metal.
My sister said she knew 'twould leak and do it in a minute,
The reason why it didn't was the water froze up in it.

And still it cold and colder grew and then a little colder,
To ten below then twenty more, Jack Frost was getting bolder.
The frost upon the window pane grew thick and then grew thicker,
I scratched a hole and tried to peak, it grabbed me like a sticker.
It froze the ground so very deep and then a little deeper,
'Twill be ten years before a flower can open up a peeper.
Then it began inside the house a-comin' and a-comin',
To keep the glare intruder out we kept the fires a-hummin'.
It wasn't no use, our plants froze up, e'en to our Calla lily,
And then it froze our victuals up, it treated us so illy.

Then it began with stealthy step to creep into the cellar,
And froze up every single thing, from beet to apples meller.
We put a tub of water down, a friend's advice a-trustin'
When, pretty soon we heard a crack, it all froze up a bustin'.
One day we cooked a turnip big to see if we could eat it,
Of all the roots I ever saw that turnip surely beat it.
'Twas froze so hard that when it boiled an hour and a minute,
Right in the middle there was frost, all white and shinin' in it.

I was so mad and sorry too I had a mind to beller,
I'd raised those turnips all myself and put them in the cellar.
I surely thought one thing was safe, my dear cucumber pickles,
When, lo, I found to my disgust they'd turned to green icicles.
But when our fruit jars went to smash, that was a dire disaster,
Our troubles sure were heapin' up, a-comin' thick and faster.
If anything I've said to you may seem exaggeration
Then just remember poets have a strong imagination.
And if you doubt my word and say, "It isn't so, I know it"
Then put that leetle item down to license of a poet.
At last it let up just a bit and then began a'rainin',
And kept it up in drizzles till the day began a wanin'.
It froze right fast to everything, till shrubs and trees were weighted.
And bending to the very earth with sparklin' ice all freighted.
That night it cold and colder grew and Jack Frost had a revel,
With all his little imps to dance, but none could keep his level.
They fought it out upon the roof with cry and thump and rattle,
With creak and moan and crack and groan, a sore and heavy battle.

Next morning when it quiet grew, though it was cold as blixen.
The sight that met my dazzled eyes, to tell you I'm a fixin'.
Ten thousand little glassy imps, all broken up like tinder,
Lay scattered everywhere about beneath my chamber winder.
With legs and arms and feet and hands, and heads just like a bullet,
Some small, some large and larger still, as big as egg of pullet.
Then farther out upon the street the trees with limbs a-droppin'
As if a whirlwind left them so-a-hangin' and a-floppin'.

Ah me! that was a battle sore, a terrible disaster,
The giants broke each other up and neither was the master.
Whoe'er can scrape up all these limbs and gather them together
And bury them beneath the sod this awful, awful weather.
I just made up my mind right there,, I wouldn't wait no longer,
With all I'd passed through I was weak, but here I'd get no stronger,
I couldn't stand the gaze and glare of all these bodies horny,
I'd pack my trunk this very day and go to Californy.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART

There is music all around us,
  In the earth and in the air,
Over hill and over valley,
  We can hear it everywhere.
There is music in the humming
  Of this great world's busy mart,
But to me there is no music
  Like the music of the heart.

There is music in the murmur
Of the gentle zephyr breeze,
As it sways the waving grasses,
As it plays among the trees.
There is music in the fountain,
Shooting upward like a dart,
But to me 'tis not as welcome
As the music of the heart.

There is music in the whistle
Of the warbler in the grove,
As he chants his merry ditty,
Pouring forth a song of love,
As he swings upon the branches,
Or into the air doth start;
But to me there's something sweeter,
'Tis the music of the heart.

I have watched the foaming billows
As they broke upon the shore,
And have listened to the music
Of their deep and sullen roar,
And I love to hear the splashing
As they rise and meet and part,
But the sound I love far better
Is the music of the heart.

There is music in the peeling
Of the mellow evening bells,
As the breezes bear it onward,
As upon the air it swells.
To my weary ruffled spirit
They a restfulness impart,
But to me there's something dearer,
'Tis the music of the heart.

There is music in the ripple
Of the brooklet in the vale;
There is melody unrivaled
In the ringdove's tender wail;
There is msic in the harpstrongs
When they're swept by hand of art,
But to me there is no music
Like the music of the heart.

WHERE'S THE MOTHER OF THAT CHILD?

We were on a Pullman sleeper,
Every berth was full but one.
Most of us were getting settled
For an all-night steady run.
"All aboard," the captain shouted,
When, with lean and haggard face,
Came a man with bag and baby,
Looking for that vacant place.

Every eye was fastened on him,
For such cries you never heard,
As were uttered by that baby,
Every mother's son was stirred,

And the men began to question,
When would cease these accents wild,
Then I heard a woman mutter,
"Where's the mother of that child?"

There was sure to be no sleeping
In that Pullman all the night,
For those cries went on increasing,
Seemed to be from spunk or fright.
Though the father tried to hush her
She refused to be beguiled,
While around the car they questioned,
"Where's the mother of that child?"

Some one whispered round the rumor,
And it fell on many an ear,
That perhaps the child was kidnapped,
And was terrified by fear.
Then the car was all excitement,
Question upon question piled,
And they grew still more insistent,
"Where's the mother of that child?"

I could stand the strain no longer,
And determined I wound find
Out the truth about the matter,
And relieve this strain of mind.
So I faced this young kidnapper,
And in accents far from mild,
Asked him if he'd please to tell me
Where's the mother of that child?

And he fixed his eyes upon me,
And they pierced me like a dart,
While his words, and looks, and manner
Struck me to the very heart,
As, with lip and voice a'quiver,
Teardrops gleaming like a star,
"Madam, she is in her casket,
Yonder in the baggage car."

Every ear was strained to listen,
Every heart was filled with pain,
And the women gathered round him
While their teardrops fell like rain.
"O forgive our thoughtless question,
So unkind and cruel too,
Let us take your orphan baby,
We will mother her for you."

And they nursed the little stranger,
As alone a woman can,
While the men with words of healing
Gathered round the lonely man.
And we learned a needed lesson,
Needed all the world around,
We are sisters, we are brothers,
Judge not, but let love abound.

MONA LISA

A noted painting stolen from the Louvre in Paris.
Visited June, 1907.

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa,
O my lost one Mona Lisa:
With thy smile so long in waking,
Over thy face divinely breaking,
Perfect form of beauty making,
With thy tresses, rich and golden,
Eyes that tell the story olden,
Lo, in rapture I am holden.
Fairer than the fair Louisa,
Where art thou my Mona Lisa.

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa,
O my cherished Mona Lisa:
Since my heart has lost its treasure,
And that loss I can not measure,
Life has nevermore a pleasure.
In what fortress art thou hiding,
In what palace old abiding,
Tell, O tell me in confiding.
To what tower, like ancient Pisa
Have they carried Mona Lisa.

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa,
O my stolen Mona Lisa:
In what prison art thou lying,
Where, a captive, art thou sighing,,
Let me haste with footsteps flying.
To what castle, old, forsaken,
To what cave hast thou been taken?
In the search, O world awaken.
Like the sons of ancient Beza
O return, my Mona Liza.

Lodi, Wis.

THE SHEPHERDESS' LULLABY

Hush, little one, hush,
Hear the waters rush,
As the brook through the pasture winds,
I will fold you tonight
In your blanket as white
As the sheep that your mother minds.

Sleep, little one, sleep,
Thy mother will keep
Her vigil the long night through.
The lambs of the flock
Lie on the hard rock,
But my bosom is under you.

Sleep, little one, sleep
Like the meek-eyed sheep
Thy mother is watching tonight.
No cloud shall arise
And spread o'er the skies,
For the harvest moon shines bright.

Dream, little one, dream,
For a kindly beam
Is shining above thy head.
The angels of love,
With eyes like a dove,
Are watching about thy bed.

Rest, little one, rest,
On thy mother's breast,
Thy cares are all folded away;
And thy face is seen
With a smile serene,
So rest, 'till the dawn of the day.

MY ROBIN

Robin, robin, fly away,
Soon will comes a colder day.
Rain, and frost, and snowy weather,
Wind, and sleet, and ice together;
Worm, and bug, and seed all covered,
As if by snow-pinions hovered;
Stay no longer here I pray.
Robin, haste, and fly away.

Robin, robin fly away.
Gathered are the grain and hay,
Stacked away up in the dormer.
Fly away to regions warmer.
I regret to have you leave me,
Little pet 'twill sorely grieve me,
I shall miss your cheerful lay,
But my robin must away.

Robin, robin, fly away.
Gone the meadowlark and jay,
Gone, the songthrush from the hedges,
Goose and plover from the sedges,
Gone, from off the grass and heather
Every bird with beak or feather,
Oriole with plumage gay,
Robin, dear, you must away.

Robin, robin, if you stay
You must suffer, tell me pray
Would you stay to weather zero,
Stay, to show yourself a hero,
Stay, to hear the sleighbells jingle,
Stay, until your toes shall tingle,
In the snow your eggs to lay?
Little robin, will it pay?

Robin, robin, why delay,
Skies are growing cold and gray.
You must go, I know not whither,
Long and hard your journey thither.
Late already is the season,
For this waiting give me reason.
Wait no longer, but obey.
Robin, do not tell me nay.

Robin, robin, will you say
Your goodby and then away?
Now at last I hear you utter
Sweet farewell with wing a-flutter.
In the Spring come back a-singing,
When the May-bells are a-ringing,
Or in April, dear, you may.
Robin, now away, away.

Lodi, Wis., 1912.

MY KITTIE

O pretty is my kittie puss,
Now list to what I say,
And would you know her color, well
She's white all dapped with grey.

At early morn she comes to sit
Upon my window sill,
If I don't rise to let her in
She thinks I must be ill.

She follows me around all day,
Where'er I chance to go,
I don't know why, but still I guess
'Tis 'cause she loves me so.

She knows my voice, she knows my step,
She knows my very dress,
And if I change it for a new
It fills her with distress.

My kittie is a mouser, too,
She loves the dainty meat,
And oft she brings her trophies in
And lays them at my feet.

I call her puss, I call her pet,
And give a gentle tap,
When up she springs upon my knee
And cuddles in my lap.

Sometimes she climbs upon the shelf,
Those times are very few,
And if I ask her why she does,
She only says, "Mew-ew."

She climbs upon my shoulder high,
  And there she loves to stand,
And rub her soft and silky fur
  Against my face and hand.

I'm fond of my own kittie, puss,
  And she is fond of me.
We know each other's ways right well,
  We two are friends, you see.

OLD GLORY

There's a flag of song and story,
  In the land I love the best;
'Tis the flag we call "old Glory,"
  With its stripes and starry breast.
I have sailed the wide seas o'er,
  Under flags of lands galore,
But Old Glory I adore,
  In the empire of the west.

Underneath thy wings, Old Glory,
  Men have gathered to they nest:
They have come from nations hoary,
  And their love for thee confessed.
They have sworn allegiance true,
  To thy land—red, white, and blue,
And thy liberty so new,
  In the empire of the west.

Hear the God of Peace, Old Glory,
  And obey His high behest,
May no stains from fields of gory
  Ere bedim thine azure crest.
May the people of thy land,
  Bound by love's eternal band,
For thy truth and freedom stand,
  In the empire of the west.

CHORUS

Banner bright, take the light,
Carry hope to all oppressed,
From the empire of the west.

Lodi, Wis., 1912.

BELLS OF CHRISTMAS MORNING

A meditation written for my Sunday School class.

Hark to the bells of the Christmas morning,
  Ringing their glad refrain,
Telling the joy of the old, old story,
  Peace upon earth again.
Once and again have I heard thy message;
  Shepherd and babe and star.
Wise men who came with their gifts and homage,
  Seeking the King from afar.

Thou Who are wiser than all the wisdom
Now to Thy footstool bring,
Thou Who art higher than all the holy,
Be of my life the king.
Make of my heart a fitting temple;
Cleanse it from sin I pray.
Come as Thou dids't at the dedication,
Enter this Christmas day.

Come, for I need Thy peace and pardon,
Come, for I need Thy power,
Need to be kept from the world's temptations,
Keep me each day and hour.
Then shall I live with a noble purpose;
Then shall I joyfully bring,
Like the sweet bells of the Christmas morning
Praises to Thee my King.

Dec. 25, 1903.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day has come again,
The brightest and the best
Of all the happy holidays,
With which our lives are blest.

This is the day when, long ago,
On fair New England's shore,
The Pilgrims met to thank the Lord,
And count their blessings o'er.

Full many a day they'd cried for bread
And fasted and were sad,
But now, the harvest gathered in,
They feasted and were glad.

In memory of that gladsome day
We keep our Harvest Feast,
And count our blessings o'er and o'er,
The greatest and the least.

This is the day, the day of days,
When all the children come,
And gather with a merry heart
Within the dear old home.

This is the day when in God's house
We meet from far and near,
And with a thankful heart record
The blessings of the year.

This is the day when round our board
We gather with good cheer,
And share our bountiful supply
With friends and comrades dear.

This is the day when to the poor
We send a generous part,
When dainties pass from hand to hand,
And joy from heart to heart.

This is the day when all the world
A sense of kinship feel,
And, thankful for our own good gifts,
We seek another's weal.

May we within whose daily life
God's blessings doth abound,
Pass on to those who have them not,
A share, the world around.

I LOVE THE WEST

I love the West, the wild, wild West;
I love its snow-capped mountains;
Its cañons, valleys, sunny glens,
Its forest's deep and grassy fens,
Its streams and dashing fountains.

I love the West, the new, new West;
Her veins new blood is flushing;
New homes, new towns, new cities rise;
From every land beneath the kies
New life to her is rushing.

I love the West, the Christless West;
My heart goes out in sorrow
To miners', loggers', ranchers' camp,
To thousands hearts without God's Lamp:—
Oh! dark must be their morrow.

I love the West, the Christian West;
God bless the sons and daughters
Who hasten there, God's word to take,
Who spend their lives for His dear sake,
Who sow beside all waters.

I love the West, the Baptist West;
Above the highest banner
I love to see her colors float,
And hear her clear, strong bugle note—
May Heaven's breezes fan her.

I love the West, the coming West,
When all our land adorning,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
And luminate the western skies.
Oh, usher in that morning!

THE BAPTIST OF THE WEST

From the world of thought and action,
    From its heroes in the strife,
Comes a word of inspiration,
    Comes a message to my life;
And I welcome it with gladness,
    And I read it with a zest,
And I ponder well its pages—
    'Tis The Baptist of the West.

How I long for information
    From the world's great battlefield.
Does the truth go on to conquer?
    Do the powers of evil yield?
Is the kingdom coming nearer?
    Do God's people stand the test?
"Day is dawning," cries the watchman,
    From The Baptist of the West.

Well I prize association
    With the wise, and great, and good,
With the thinkers and the leaders
    Of our common brotherhood.
I could never see or meet them,
    Though around the word my quest,
But I hear them and I know them,
    Through The Baptist of the West.

What has unified our people,
    East and West together brought,
Stood for broad cooperation,
    Many reformations wrought?
What has furnished us a forum
    For these themes and all the rest?
What has led the van of progress?
    'Tis The Baptist of the West.

Would you have your own life deepened,
    And intensified, and fed?
Would you be inspired, and quickened,
    Into broader knowledge led?
Would you both in thought and action
    With our leaders keep abreast?
Would you be equipped for service?
    Take The Baptist of the West.

RHYMES OF BLICKENSDERFER

    Do you hear my little Blick,
    Hear it clatter, hear it click?
There are jingles in my mind
That through it expression find;
Rhymes that will not tarry long
If they're not expressed in song.
    When they come I catch them quick
    And preserve them on my Blick.

Do you hear my little Blick,
Hear it rattle, hear it tick?
When my hands are on the keys
I can think and write with ease,
And I do not dare delay
Or my rhymes will slip away.
When they come a-tumblin' thick
Then I hie me to my Blick.

Do you hear my little Blick,
Hear it patter, hear it pick?
When my rhymes are comin' slow
Then she jogs them up you know,
When they do not come at all
Then she brings them by her call.
She's a clipper, she's a brick,
You should buy a little Blick.

Lodi, Wis., 1912.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LIFE OF MRS. J. Q. A. HENRY

I am asked for a tribute in fitting words dressed,
A tribute of praise to the memory blessed
Of her who is crowned in the glory above,
Of her who so won our affection and love
And where shall I find the words fitting and meet,
To weave in a garland and lay at her feet,
And how can I tell what can never be told,
For her beauty and grace I can never unfold.

When she came to this earth from the heavens above
There dropped form her fingertips jewels of love.
The flowers that bloomed in her garden fair
On others she lavished with tenderness rare.
She brightened the path of the weary and sad
With the smile of her face, and was evermore glad
To lighten the burden and banish the tear,
And scatter her treasure of love, far and near.

Her life was as fair as a morning in June,
And bright as the sunshine that beams at highnoon,
And pure as the lily that blossoms today,
And sweet as the apple bloom over the way.
'Twas the spirit of love that crowned all her days
With the rapture of joy, and of glory, and praise.
It spread o'er her features with radiance bright,
The spirit of grace, and of blessing, and light.

She climbed the high mountains to view the world o'er,
And loved all the people on every shore.
She welcomed the strangers that came to our land
And gave them the Gospel with bountiful hand.
She believed in the Kingdom of God among men,
And prayed for its coming again and again.
She showed us the part that a woman may do
To tell the old story that's evermore new.

Her courage was high and her faith it was strong,
For she knew that the Gospel could right every wrong;
So she laid down her life at the dear Master's feet
And drew others to Him with an influence sweet.
Say not she has passed from our midst now away,
For a spirit like hers on His footstool may stay
To show to us how that the Father above
May fill a life full of His infinite love.

MARCH

March! March! Blustering March!
This is the strangest of weather;
Stormy, and windy, and sunny, and calm,
Rainy, and snowy, and breezy, and balm,
Days that are quiet, and days that are cold,
Sweeping along like a hurricane bold,
These—like the threads of a tangled skein,
Are hopelessly mixed in together.

SEPTEMBER

September days are golden
The fruitage of the year
Is bending low in beauty,
The harvest draweth near.
So may our lives in fragrance
And fruitfulness abound,
And yield to all their sweetness
And wealth the whole year round.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN

Here comes a new day with the number thirteen,
Don't let your head swim or your eyes grow green.
No harm with my coming shall ever befall,
And the ghosts and the goblins won't get you at all.
'Tis a shadow, a scarecrow, a phantom, I ween,
For no harm ever came from the number thirteen.

FOR MY FRIEND'S ALBUM

My friend, thou art fair as a day in June
And bright as the sunshine at morning or noon,
And pure as the lily that blossoms today,
And sweet as the apple bloom over the way.
Whenever you came to the earth from above,
There dropped from your finger-tips jewels of love.
'Twas not in the dead of the Winter I ween,
'Twas not when the leaflets all withered are seen.
'Twas not in the heat of the Summer I trow,
'Twas in June, the most beautiful season, I know.
And as seven is the number all perfect in fame,
It must be that this is the day that you came.

GOING UP FOOL'S HILL

I love all the dear little children,
And with them my room you may fill,
But don't send the lads or the lasses
That are just going up fool's hill.

I'm at home with the pupils in junior,
For a touch of the child they have still,
Don't give me the youth or the maiden,
That are just going up fool's hill.

There are things I can do and I know it,
But for others I fear I am nill,
Don't ask me to take any pupils
That are just going up fool's hill.

I imagine I never was like them,
I'm sure it would be a bad pill
To be told I was ever related
To the foks that are climbing fool's hill.

It may be my fault, and I own it,
I certainly bear them no ill,
But I can't take the lads and the lasses,
That are just going up fool's hill.

I know they need something to help them,
And I hope that somebody will
Make friends with the lads and the lasses,
That are just going up fool's hill.

Sometimes I look at them in sorrow,
Would give them a lotion or pill,
Or a dose of some kind that would send them,
Right up to the top of fool's hill.

When they got to the top I will greet them,
Their conquest my spirit will thrill,
And together in friendship we'll journey,
And never more mention fool's hill.

Miss Miller wrote many songs to use in her various schools and children's meetings. The following four are samples of them:

BELLS OF EASTER MORNING

Hark to the bells of Eastern morning
Good news they bring
Over the grave He rose victorious
Jesus our Lord and King.

CHORUS

Oh the bells, the bells of Easter
Chase the night away,
Welcome the resurrection morning
Dawn of a glad new day.

No more the anguish of the garden,
No crown of thorns,
Past are the cruel cross and darkness,
Lost on this morn of morns.

No more the pain of those who loved Him,
No more their tears;
Rapture of joy in place of weeping
Flung to the winds their fears.

Come to my heart with Easter blessings
Thou King of peace,
Send me to bear the joyful tidings
Message of sweet release.

WELCOME TO ALL

Written for the dedication of the new chapel, 1919.

Welcome to all on this glad Sabbath day,
List to our call, "Welcome to all."
Gaily we sing you our sweet roundalay
Greeting and wecome to all.

CHORUS

Welcome to father and mother and friend
Welcome to teachers, who guide and defend;
Welcome to children to large and to small,
Greeting and welcome to all.

To our new chapel we're glad you have come,
List to our call. "Welcome to all."
Welcome with joy to our new Sabbath home;
Greeting and welcome to all.

We dedicate to our Father above
This house of prayer, this temple fair,
While with rejoicing and hearts full of love
Glad songs of praise fill the air.

GALILEE

O Galilee with waters blue
With arching skies of varied hue
With hills and mountains scattered wide
O bear me on thy swelling tide.

CHORUS

O Galilee, blue Galilee! Where Jesus loved so much to be,
O Galilee, dear Galilee; Come sing thy songs again to me.

Lord of my life, in days of yore
Who sailed thy foaming billows o'er:
Walked on thy crested waves at will
And calmed them with His "Peace be still."

'Twas here the multitude He fed
To better life the erring led,
His very self in love he gave
With heart to serve and power to save.

And when I read the thrilling lore,
Of Him who walked upon thy sea,
I long, oh how I long once more,
To walk with Him in Galilee.

THE SONG OF ANGELS

(Tune, Swanee River)

Far o'er the hills of old Judea,
Long, long ago,
Shepherds beneath the stars were watching,
Flocks lying soft and low.

CHORUS

O the song, the song of angels,
Ringing through the sky,
Good will and peace from heaven bringing,
Glory to God on high.

What means the coming of the angels,
The sky along?
What means the glory all around them?
What means their deathless song?

Welcome the joyful, blessed tidings,
Good news for all,
To you is born this day a Savior,
Welcome to cot and hall.

Tell me again the old sweet story,
At Christmas time,
The birthday of the Lord of glory,
Sing me the old sweet chime.

THE LORD HATH SPOKEN TO MY HEART

Rev. 3:20

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
Let all the world be still,
Hushed every voice that lures away
From His most holy will.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
In tones of tender love,
Like heavenly music wafted down
From out His throne above.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
So full of deep unrest,
I opened wide and let Him in
And I am richly blest.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
To answer is but meet,
And at the table of His love
We hold communion sweet.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
And I can ne'er forget;
The memory of that precious hour
Abides to cheer me yet.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
Hath set my spirit free,
In glad response I'll follow Him,
The Man of Galilee.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
In earnest, strong command,
For very love of Him I'll go
To toil on sea or land.

The Lord hath spoken to my heart,
I ne'er shall doubt Him more,
But in the sweetness of his trust,
Abide, believe, adore.

CONSECRATION

I give myself to Thee.
O Lord, it is my will
That I to Thee belong.
Self-life of old be still!
Christ-life within be strong!
I give myself to Thee.
Give thou thyself to me.

I give myself to Thee.
My body is thy home,
Thy temple, set apart.
Possess thou every room,
Abide thou in my heart.
I give myself to Thee.
Give thou thyself to me.

I give myself to Thee.
My mind with all its powers,
Make thou thy royal throne.
Fill all my days and hours
With plans and thoughts thine own.
I give my mind to Thee.
Give thou thy mind to me.

I give myself to Thee.
My spirit, thou didst give,
I yield to thy control.
Life more abundant live
Within my inmost soul.
I give my life to Thee.
Give thou thy life to me.

I give myself to Thee.
All that I e'er possessed,
Or even called it mine,
At thy divine behest
I joyfully resign.
I give my all to Thee.
Give thou thine all to me.

THY WILL BE DONE

Submission to my lot whate'er it be,
Teach me, O Lord, to know, thy hand to see,
In every path of life still guiding me.

Where Thou dost lead, O Lord, I fain would go,
And gladly would submit, content to know,
That Thou art leading through this vale below.

O let me learn this lesson, truth complete:
Where Thou dost lead, the path is ever sweet,
And roses bud and bloom beneath my feet.

Bid all my doubt and darkness disappear,
May I from hence feel naught of tomorrow's fear,
But see my way with vision bright and clear.

But though I cannot see the way all bright,
And Thou dost still deny to me the light,
Help me to walk by Faith and not by sight.

Beneath the shadow of Thy wing is rest,
And Peace is found upon Thy loving breast,
Here, trusting Thee, I am supremely blest.

SOLITUDE

O solitude, quiet and peaceful,
O rest-giving, slumb'ring retreat,
I long for a bower in the wild-wood,
With comforting silence replete.
To rid me of strife and commotion,
In quietude sweetly to dream,
To rest me awhile in the wild-wood,
Where solitude reigneth supreme.

I roamed through the depth of the forest,
Where man never wandered before,
And solitude sought and retirement,
As oft I had sought it of yore;
But still there were voices about me,
Whose sounds falling sweet on my ear,
Soon robbed my poor heart of its burden,
And comfort, and rest I found here.

The pines waived their branches above me,
The stream rippled cheerfully by,
The breeze whispered softly about me,
And swept the tall grass growing nigh.
The birds warbled songs full of gladness,
And filled the dark woods with their glee,
Endeavor'ng to drown with their music,
The quieter hum of the bee.

My heart joined the gladsome hosannah,
Now wafted in fullness along,
Its strings that were weary with sighing
Were tuned to the service of song.
I came to find silence and quiet,
And lo! nature taught me her ways,
And returned me to life and to duty,
With a heart full of jubilant praise.

IN MY QUIET COVE SECURE

As I sit beside the ocean,
Just beyond the fisher's docks,
I can hear the sound of breakers,
Dashing, booming on the rocks.
But I rest me far from danger,
In my quiet cove secure,
And no siren sound could woo me,
Or from hiding place allure.

I can see the foaming billows
Lashing high with misty spray,
Pounding, bounding, and resounding,
Will they tear the rocks away?
When they reach me they are ripples,
Lapping on the yellow sand,
Laughing, playing, and rejoicing,
As they kiss the golden strand.

So when I shall hear the rising,
Of some tempest in this world,
I shall be within the harbor,
With my tiny sails all furled;
In the heavenly Father's keeping,
Safe and calm, without alarm,
By His love and care infolded,
There can be no loss, no harm.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ME

God's miracle of life complete,
Through morning gate I came.
So many had preceded me
They scarce could find a name.
And so they left for me to choose,
Or make one if I might.
I was not long in finding one
That suited me all right.

And when they came at last to think
That name should written be
Upon the Bible record, lo!
There was no room for me.
And so they wrote lengthwise the page
And turned the corner well,
"To Jacob and Adelia born,
Another—Emma L."

They wrote the names of every one
To marriage altar led.
I saw there was no room for mine
And so I did not wed.
When I shall pass the evening gate,
And shall entombed be
It may be in the family lot,
There'll not be room for me.

But I have oft consoled myself,
'Tis recompense you see,
That in my loved-ones hearts and homes,
There's room enough for me.
And in the Book of Life I know
My name shall written be,
A mansion and my loved ones all,
And room enough for me.

SEND THEM BACK TO ME

I do not leave my things about
Like some folks that I know,
But pick them up and care for them,
As mother taught me to.
If in your home I've any left
Ashamed I sure will be.
Just keep them, it would serve me right,
Don't send them back to me.

I have a habit, good or bad
I'll leave for you to tell,
Of jotting down the things I hear
Or see, that please me well,
Sometimes in jingle, oft in rhyme,
Or e'en real poetry.
If you should find these scraps around
Please send them back to me.

Sometimes upon an envelope,
A bit of paper old,
Or any little thing that would
A line of writing hold.
It may be you'll not understand
My queer chyrography,
And not a sentence can you read,
Then send them back to me.

You'll think they are of little worth
And put them in the fire,
A sad misfortune that would be,
A great disaster dire.
I fear I've lost full many a gem,
Gathered on land or sea,
Don't stop to criticise a line,
Just send them back to me.

Perhaps one day you'l be repaid,
When in a book you find
These little gems all polished up,
These treasures of the mind;
Then you'll be glad and so will I,
The reason you will see
Why you should save these little scraps,
And send them back to me.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

When I was a girl (now little ones list,
And gather about my knee,
And I will relate a true story of what
Once really happened to me).
When I was a girl (I was never a kid—
That thing that you children today
Keep calling each other and talking about
In such a flip sort of a way).

When I was a girl, a sliver I thrust
Right into the palm of my hand.
Now I never could bear to have slivers pulled out,
That pain was too dreadful to stand.
And so I determined my father should not
Hear a whisper about my mishap.
I put on a smile and shut up my hand,
And covered it up in my lap.

But some little bird, for so I was told,
Must have whispered the story about,
For I heard father say when he came home at night
"That sliver must surely come out."
"Now my dear little girl, let me tell you," said he,
"What would certainly happen to you
If that old ugly sliver were left in your hand,
It would fester, and poison you too."

Then he gathered me up in his fatherly arms,
While my tears were falling like rain,
And with one little pain the sliver came out,
And then I was happy again.
Then he taught me a verse that was something like this,
"To cover the bad is in vain,
We had better confess it and have it all out,
Than to hide it and suffer with pain."

AFRAID TO GO A-FISHING

When I was young I liked no fun
  Like fishing in the river,
And when the little fishes bit,
  It set me all a-quiver.
I used to squeal, and laugh, and yell,
  I know my eyes would glisten,
The only trouble was with me
  There was no one to listen.

I used to tease my little chum
  To go with me a-fishin',
For other one to share my fun
  I long had been a-wishin'.
But she was minded not to go,
  And would not give the reason.
I thought 'twas so unkind of her,
  Indeed I thought 'twas treason.

I told her so with injured look,
  And said she didn't love me,
I swore I'd break our friendship up,
  By all that was above me.
And so she said she was afraid,
  I scared her to her liver,
She was afraid she'd catch the croup,
  She heard 'twas down the river.

When I rejected that she said,
  She feared she'd catch a measle
I knew she'd made up that excuse,
  The cunning litte weasle.
And when she said she was afraid
  She catch the chickenpoxie,
I 'most determined then and there
  Her little ears to boxie.

She said she was afraid she'd catch
  An angleworm or lizzard,
She wouldn't go a single step,
  It seared her to her gizzard.
I knew she'd made the whole thing up
  And told her so with feelin',
Told her she'd beg my pardon too,
  And come to me a-kneelin'.

Give me your real reason now,
  And don't be long about it,
I can not wait a minute more,
  I can not live without it.
My real reason—and she looked
  As though she had a headful—
I am afraid—I'd catch—a fish,
  And then I would feel dreadful.

EASTER LONGINGS

I am longing for you at this Eastertide,
My thoughts fly to you o'er the plains so wide;
They scale the heights of the mountains grand,
To bring greetings from this, God's wondrous land.

I would like to send some of our sky so blue,
Or some of our roses of bright warm hue,
Or some of the lilies that grow by the way,
To adorn the altar this Easter Day.

'Tis sweet to have Summer the whole year through,
But the Spring o' the year brings its blessings too.
Christ did not suffer His death in vain—
We believe, when we see the earth smile again.

Each new, green thing doth the message tell,
From the smallest leaf in the buds that swell;
Christ does not today seem to us remote,
For we hear His voice in the glad bird's note.

Yes, I'm thinking of you at this Eastertide,
Though far in the flesh, near in thought I abide.
It is sweet to have Summer the whole year through,
But in Spring, then I'm longing to be with you.

MY TRIP TO CAMP ESTELLE

Written on her last vacation, 1921.

I was weary, and worn, and restless;
What I needed I could not tell;
When a friend said, "Go to the mountains,
To the beautiful Camp Estelle."

So I came to the San Antonio,
A canyon that suits me well,
And found in the heart of the mountains
This delightful Camp Estelle.

With the mountain peaks and boulders
To guard this sequestered dell,
And our Shepherd dog on duty,
We are safe in this Camp Estelle.

With the warblers that sing in the treetops,
And streams that with music swell,
We never shall lack for solace
In this musical Camp Estelle.

With the study of nature to charm you,
While at night in the stars you dwell,
Who can tell what wealth you may gather,
At this wonderful Camp Estelle.

With friends you may hold sweet converse,
Or alone at the evening knell,
Commune with the God of nature,
At this quieting Camp Estelle.

With hikes to the top of the mountains,
With camp-fire, and song, and yell,
A view of High Falls is awaiting
Your trip to the Camp Estelle.

You may climb to the top of "Old Baldy,"
Every inch you'll declare is an ell,
And at night you will long most surely
For your cot at the Camp Estelle.

Your needs are all met in abundance,
But you long for the dinner bell,
And hunger is satisfied fully,
At the bountiful Camp Estelle.

The multitudes throng to the cities,
For amusements they rush pellmell;
Why don't they go to the mountains,
To the charming Camp Estelle?

WHISPERING STARS

The stars are shining brightly tonight
Whispering stars, what do they say?
Winking and blinking in beauty bright,
What do they say to me?

What do they say from their home on high
Beautiful stars, whisper away,
Shining like diamonds in the sky;
What do they say to me?

They speak to me of years long past,
Into forgetfulness pased complete;
When first their anthems of praise they cast
Down at their Maker's feet.

They speak to me of an influence sweet
Circling the numberless hosts around,
Binding with bonds of love complete,
Binding without a sound.

Can we loosen the bands of Orion old?
Or bind with chains sweet Pliades power?
Or pluck one star from the crown of gold,
Or retard Hercules one hour?

No more can we check with our feeble hand,
The power of an influence great or small,
Its waves may roll on 'till they fill the land,
But ne'er to oblivion fall.

The stars sing the praise of their maker and guide,
Telling of majesty, wisdom and power.
Their own ruby brightness shall ever abide,
Their beauty fades not like the flower.

They whisper of robes for the ransomed throng,
Glistening crowns of beauty untold;
Harps of gold and a joyous song,
Song that shall never grow old.

They whisper of faith and hope and love,
Telling me too, of a comforting rest,
Of peace settling down like a weary dove,
Into its silken nest.

Then I'll nightly gaze into their faces bright,
Learning the lesson they speak to me,
Shedding about my path a light,
Like the beautiful stars I'd be.

SUNSHINE

"What is the sunshine?" asked a child, as it sat upon the floor,
And played with a long and golden beam, that came through the open door;
And the answer came with a tender smile, from the lips of the mother dear,
"It's the light God sends to bless, to comfort us and cheer."

"What is this light?" said a little bird, "that shines into my eyes,
Will it ever teach me how to hop or soar into the skies?"
"Oh no, my dear" said the robin old, "that you must learn of me.
The sunlight comes to give you strength, as it shines through the apple-tree."

"What is the sunshine?" asked the flower, as it peeped through its petals green,
'Tis the handsomest thing I ever saw, the brightest that ever was seen."
"The sunshine," answered old mother earth, "is the light that warms my bed,
It comes from the sky, above us high, high over your pretty head."

"What is the sunshine?" asked the blade of tender growing corn,
Of the plowboy, who with cheerful song, was hoeing in the morn,
And the boy replied with a whistle clear, " 'Tis the light that makes you grow,
It gives you life in some strange way, I cannot tell just how."

Sunshine is sent to cheer and bless all things on this earthly ball,
'Tis sent by our maker and ruler and guide, the Father and friend of all,
It bathes with a flood of golden light, the dewey infant morn;
And rests as the daylight fades away, on the shepherd's evening horn.

It visits the cottage where poverty dwells and shines through the shutters old,
It comforts the invalid on his couch, and whispers of peace untold.
It falls through the damask curtain fair, of the stately mansion grand,
It speaks to the old man in the door, and kisses the infant's hand.

It falls on the bare brown chubby feet of the school boy in the morn,
It bids me be cheerful, happy and gay, and never be once forlorn,
Then we'll gather the sunbeams in our path, and praise the giver's hand,
Who sends like dewdrops on the grass, his sunshine on the land.

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